

Hawai'i Journeys In Nonviolence

Autobiographical Reflections

HAWAI'I JOURNEYS IN NONVIOLENCE

Autobiographical Reflections

Edited by

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Center for Global Nonviolence
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*To the unknown heroines and heroes
of nonviolence everywhere*

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PREFACE

The Center for Global Nonviolence Planning Project is pleased to present this collection of eight contemporary autobiographical essays by persons whose life journeys have brought them to Hawai'i and nonviolence. It is hoped that their experiences, so generously shared here, will inform, inspire, and elicit sharing by others engaged in similar journeys in Hawai'i and throughout the world. We intend this book to be a contribution to generations of the future as well as of the present.

In appealing to the authors to write about their lives, we expressed an interest in three things: how they awakened to nonviolence, what actions they subsequently took, and what lessons they have drawn thus far. Our intention was to intrude as little as possible and to listen attentively to each authentic voice.

Envisioning a collection of autobiographical sketches, we at first intended to entitle the book *Hawai'i Profiles in Nonviolence*. But as the essays emerged, the concept of "profile" increasingly seemed inadequate. They are not profiles--something better suited for biographical sketches written by outsiders--but rather "journeys" reported from within. These journeys are both inner and outer, personal and sociocultural, across space and time. They are journeys between birth and death to find ways out of the political, military, economic, social and cultural violence that plagues our times.

There are many paths to nonviolence (for example, birth, shock, dissonance, emulation, intellect, and inspiration) and many means of expressing nonviolence in personal and social life (for example, prayer, meditation, arts, social innovation, dedicated service, sacrifice, and the vast repertoire demonstrated in the *Biographical Dictionary of Modern Peace Leaders* (1985), edited by Harold Josephson, which reports the lives of 701 world peace people between 1800 and 1980). Some of these actions are

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illustrated in the present essays. Commonalities are also seen here. Among them are the powerful significance of life-respecting spiritual and cultural values; empathy for the suffering of others, something customarily lacking in life-taking personalities; and courage to be immediately alone in violent contexts while ultimately in solidarity with contributors to nonviolent global civilization of the past, present, and future.

While the authors themselves do not underscore their courage, it might aptly be done by a writer of biographical essays about them in a book entitled *Profiles in Nonviolent Courage*, advancing the theme set forth by John F. Kennedy in *Profiles in Courage* (1956).

We are profoundly indebted to each of the authors for sharing their reflections and to our co-editor George Simson, founder and editor-in-chief of the first inter-disciplinary journal devoted to life-writing (*Biography*, 1978-present) for his afterword response to them as auto-biographical literature.

The support of the Matsunaga Institute for Peace and its publications committee in making possible our series of explorations in nonviolence is gratefully acknowledged, as are the editorial skills of Judith McKibben and the technical contributions of Stanley Schab to the present volume. This series now includes *Buddhism and Nonviolent Global Problem-Solving* (1991), *Nonviolence in Hawai'i's Spiritual Traditions* (1992), *Nonviolence Speaks to Power* (1992), *To Nonviolent Political Science* (1993), and *Islam and Nonviolence* (1993).

May this book assist other nonviolent journeys--in, to, and from Hawai'i and other places throughout the world.

The Editors
Honolulu, Hawai'i
July 21, 1995

UA OLA LOKO I KE ALOHA
LOVE GIVES LIFE WITHIN

Lou Ann Ha'aheo Guanson

THE GHOSTS OF WAR

I began these pages in order to reflect upon the journey of nonviolence. Courage and risk-taking are required for this journey. However, each individual is bonded with another and together they share a love that gives life within. I come from a perspective of a Hawaiian born abroad, born in a land devastated by atomic bombs, I grew up in Japan during the period of rebuilding and recovering from one of the most violent and atrocious acts ever done by one group of people to another. Into this violent devastation of World War II, I entered.

As a child, I saw the pain and suffering on the faces of the people on the streets, I was touched by the poverty and desperation of these people. I shall always remember the face of a young girl about my age who I saw at the train station begging for coins with her mother. The two sat on a mat three feet by four feet on the cold concrete floor. Their clothing was tattered by wear. The mother looked old and deflated as she sat hunched on the mat, her face looking down to the floor. The young girl, pale with hunger, stared into the distance with large, hollow, black eyes. Missing was the twinkle of life in her eyes. When I asked her why they were begging, she told me that she was hungry; her family, like others, had lost everything in the war.

On another occasion, I was walking in the street and saw a strange figure in the distance. As the figure came closer, I was frightened by the image of the human being walking toward me.

The person did not look like anyone I had seen before-the face and part of the body were distorted. The person had a ghostlike presence with a ghoulish, pained appearance. Later I found out that this person was a victim of the war. It was through these early images that I began to dislike this thing called war, this thing that caused people to suffer-for as a child, I could see the suffering and pain reflected in their eyes.

Later that word war again entered my life. This time the war was in a land far away, yet the effects touched us all in the United States. This was the 1960s, the war-VIETNAM. I passionately disliked wars, especially this war that was dividing our country. Not only did this war take the lives of friends and families, but it had violent effects on the home front.

As a participant in the antiwar movement, I felt the violence of the police and the National Guard during demonstrations and sit-ins. The hate could also be seen on the faces of those citizens who favored the war. Often the looks on the faces of the police and guards were of disdain and confusion. Sometimes the guards were about the same age as the demonstrators. As I looked at their faces, I wondered why they were on that side and we on the other. Twenty years later, I still remember the agony I felt when I first heard the news of the Kent State massacre. The word of the deaths spread quickly across the country. When I heard the news I broke down and cried and asked why.

I was affected, as were we all, by the draft numbers of the young men. The pained, disappointed looks knowing that they would be going off to war. Mothers crying, fathers trying to remain calm realizing that their sons may not return from a war that we did not understand. I have friends who went off alive to Vietnam but returned as the living dead. Their bodies recovered, but their souls and spirits were left, buried on battlefields an ocean away. They could not talk about the war. These young

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men reacted reflexively, like robots, but like the young girl I saw in my childhood, they too were missing the life in their eyes.

There were others who did not return at all. My favorite cousin was drafted when he was a senior in college. Dutifully, he went off to serve his country in Vietnam. Before he left we had a lovely farewell party at the old Queen's Surf restaurant on the shores of Waikiki Beach, not far from the World War I memorial at the Natatorium. My cousin appeared to be confident that he would return soon, but later, as I talked with him for what would be the last time, he expressed his fears and anger at being drafted. He had hoped to go to law school.

About a year later, early in the morning, the phone rang and rang. Half asleep, I picked up the phone. The other party hesitated for a moment and then informed me in a quivering voice that my cousin was dead. I asked why. The sky was still blue, and as a teenager, my life was blossoming. Why did he have to die in war, I cried. Why? I stared at my poster in my room with the picture of Uncle Sam pointing and seemingly saying "I Want You to go to exotic, far away places to kill."

Tear gas, clubs, arrests, deaths on college campuses, napalm, M-16s, maimed bodies, and death in Vietnam. These are some of the painful consequences of war.

DREAMS AND TRANSFORMATION

I participated in the first Earth Day (April 24, 1970), in teach-ins, and in other nonviolent activities, but I did not expect things to change without a revolution. Everybody was waiting for The Revolution. I was a neo-Marxist then, studying left-wing, revolutionary political science and sociology. I even practiced with guns at a shooting range.

My generation had to change the world. We could not trust anyone over thirty. We listened to the likes of Angela Davis and

Eldridge Cleaver. We followed the news of the Black Panthers and the Weathermen. Revolution was the answer. But as we waited and prepared for the revolution, we realized that it was not working-it hadn't worked anywhere. China was supposed to be the vanguard but had failed. The "good" guys were just like the "bad" guys when they got their chance. Revolutionary groups were too dogmatic; take away their dogma and they were just like any fundamentalists: the ends justify the means.

During this period of disillusionment, I watched and followed the actions of Martin Luther King, Jr., and became caught up in his dream. That dream was shared by many and it became our dream. I hung the poster of that dream. I began studying about utopias and communes. I began intellectually to pursue how it would be possible for people to live together. I was convinced in my idealism that humanity can live together.

By this time, I was adamantly against physical violence to another human being. Giving up the revolution was easy, growing spiritually was difficult. I was filled with anger and pain caused by these wars. But my anger was not limited to just physical violence; as I experienced life and explored the world, I became angrier at the injustice I saw. I began to understand that nonviolence did not just deal with physical violence, but there was violence resulting from injustice-injustice such as hunger, homelessness, mistreatment of native peoples, poverty, as well as more subtle verbal abuse. My understanding of nonviolence expanded beyond physical violence to thought, word, and deed. To really live, it takes a lifetime.

NANA I KE KUMU--LOOK TO THE SOURCE

Although I was intellectually pursuing new avenues for positive social change, I felt a certain incompleteness. In concentrating on the intellectual I had neglected the intuitive. The intuitive returned as I recalled the teachings of *na kupuna* (the elders). I am Hawaiian. I can remember *na kupuna* saying

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"aloha mai no, aloha aku o ka huhu ka mea e ola 'ole ai."
Translated by Mary Kawena Pukui, these words mean "when love is given, love should be returned; anger is the thing that gives no life." What the kupuna kept reminding the younger people was to be loving and gentle with one another. Being angry and violent is not the way.

The kupuna around me exemplified this spirit of aloha. They taught me this deep spirituality of love by demonstrating their love in the daily life. This is the way of life; the gentleness and love for others is a part of the Hawaiian culture that they lived and taught and passed on to the next generation.

In this environment, I learned to share and love. Intuitively, the spirit of aloha became part of my spirit. The sharing and the giving of whatever I had became a way of life. In this way there is not much room for anger, hostility, or violent feelings toward others.

More and more, I began to understand that the spirituality of God, whatever form that may take, is in everyone. *Ha*, the breath of God, as in the word *aloha*, is in everyone. *Lao* means the center of the universe. This understanding is not unique to Hawaiians. Many other native cultures and religions have this same understanding. These things I understand intuitively as the belief in the breath of God leads to respect for life, the essence of living in harmony with nature and humanity.

I ho 'okahi kahi ke aloha means "Be united in the bonds of love." As anger disappeared, love and harmony blossomed. Slowly being around loving, gentle people, I became absorbed in their love. Spiritually and intellectually, I became strengthened by this nonviolence expressed in thought, word, and deed. My three "A's," *ahimsa*, *aloha*, *agape*, are the expressions of nonviolence.

There are many paths and actions necessary for nonviolence. But most central to all of them is the self; it is the self over which we have the most control. More specifically, nonviolence begins within the heart of the individual. Only when we center ourselves with love and nonviolence can we begin the task of creating a world of *peace*. Without this centering, our work is superficial, lacking meaning and substance. As we all know, this is not an easy task, but it is part of the daily struggle of living. Through this struggle we can empathize with others—the challenges and difficulties we all encounter. This struggle humbles us and we realize we are not better than others.

Gandhi stated that all great and good things are difficult to do. "Love of the hater is the most difficult of all. But, by the grace of God, even this most difficult thing becomes easy to accomplish if we want to do it." Beyond the self, I strongly believe that we all have a contribution to make to humanity. The more supporting and diverse the work in nonviolence, justice, and peace, the better. The important job is to acknowledge the work of others and find ways to build upon the works of all.

EMPOWERMENT AND ACTION

In my work, I was deeply influenced by the conceptual framework of Paulo Freire and the applied actions of Gandhian disciples. In *Pedagogy of the Oppressed*, Freire states:

At all stages of liberation, the oppressed must see themselves as [people] engaged ... in the vocation of becoming more fully human. Reflection and action become imperative. True reflection leads to action [but] that action will constitute an authentic praxis only if its consequences become the object of critical reflection. To achieve this praxis ... it is necessary to trust in the oppressed and in their ability to reason.... While no one liberates [themselves] by [their] own efforts alone, neither [are they] liberated by others.... The revolutionary

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leaders must realize that their own conviction of the need for struggle ... was not given to them by anyone else-if it is authentic. (1974: 52)

Freire reminds us of the importance of people empowering themselves. In transforming our violent society to a nonviolent society, it is imperative to empower people and demystify the existing violent power structure.

When I was eleven or twelve years old, I worked with the elderly, disabled, and juvenile delinquents. I started out by working one-on-one with people. I remember taking a hurt child home and her mother telling me she did not want the child. Incidents like these convinced me that work had to be done to change the system. The system itself begets this kind of "structural violence." In my work of organizing community and church groups on social action concerning injustices such as hunger and war, critical social analysis is an integral part of the empowering process. Much of my work is in educating and supporting the efforts of grassroots organizations and individuals to see the interaction between the various social injustices.

The other major influence on my work in building a peoples movement to transform our society comes from the efforts of applied actions by Gandhian disciples in India. Through their patient, diligent efforts, Gandhian disciples have been able to transform communities. I spent some time in India learning about their efforts to improve the living conditions of the people. One particular disciple, now very old, spent time with me reflecting on his works and the lessons he learned. My friend shared an important lesson he learned from Gandhi. In 1936, Gandhi wrote:

Nonviolence is a power which can be wielded equally by all--children, young men and women, or grown-up people-provided they have a living faith in the God of Love and have therefore equal love for all mankind.

Even if nonviolence is accepted as the law of life it must pervade the whole being and not be applied to isolated acts. (*Harijan*, 1973: 236)

My friend showed me that the basis of his work was to provide economic self-sufficiency for the families. Through self-sufficiency, families become healthier, seek further education, reduce the number of children, and ultimately find *ahimsa* (a way of nonviolence). This is what Gandhi predicted, and the communities have demonstrated the positive results. Through the years, my friend assisted in participatory economic development projects by developing schools, clinics, and community centers. As I reflected on our visit, I realized that the significance of his work was in the dignity that people were able to give each other through their economic self-determination.

Most important to the process is an individual's feeling of self-worth. To create a new society, people need to feel empowered. Colonialism, even at its best, says, "I know the answer. Let me give it to you." Empowerment requires that people be allowed to develop their own potential and make contributions. Structural violence is nonintentional. It is the system that hurts or demeans the individual by treating that individual as a means of production. It is not necessarily inherent in any institution; it is possible to minimize it. Imagine an institution or whole society without hierarchy, a cooperative, where there is no separation of labor, where the means are as important as the end product. The transformation of outward structures that cause violence is dependent on the transformation of the individual lives who work for social change.

In addition to the violence and suffering caused by the structures of society. Sigmund Freud states that we are also threatened by our relations with each other. The suffering from our relationships is perhaps the most painful. More and more I have come to understand profoundly that love is necessary in breaking the cycle of violence. True nonviolence needs to go

beyond the absence of violence to the growth of love for others. The basis of many spiritual traditions centers around love. Only when we can truly love one another do peace and nonviolence exist. I may not like the actions of others, but I can still care for them. One of my favorite quotes by Sister Corita states, "The capacity to care gives life its greatest meaning."

To move to a nonviolent society, life must have meaning because we care and are engaged in struggles to help others. Along the journey, we discover friends who are in the same struggle. This mutual discovery becomes the beginning of a community. This community must exist in relationship to the rest of society and the world. It is through the relationships that one's life is realized. A community cannot endure unless we join in solidarity with the struggles of those who suffer. Working in cooperation with other groups and community networks begins the transformation process.

The transformation to a nonviolent society is a commitment to become a new person. This inward path is simply learning to live by loving others and living in community with others. We know about the process of educating minds by transmitting information from the teacher to the student, but we do not know how to educate feelings. Yet the mind is influenced by emotions. We need to bridge the gaps between hearts and minds as we learn to feel and love. To address violence, it is not enough to expose minds to the facts of injustice. We must also expose our hearts in order to hear, see, smell, and touch.

In the process, we need leaders who creatively facilitate the building of the community; leaders who understand that lowered self-esteem increases hostility in the individual. Loss of self-esteem may be due to major events or the accumulation of pain caused by minor encounters with others. The responsibility of the leader and others is to raise the self-esteem and assist in the process of growth for the individual.

Another important process in transformation is the need to maintain a process for renewal and reflection. Through dialogue and contemplation, reflection needs to be an integral commitment. Reflection provides the opportunity to discover new insights, raise questions, and find strength to accept change. The process of renewal offers hope and rejuvenates the tired spirits to continue the work. Thomas Merton warns of a contemporary form of violence:

There is a pervasive form of contemporary violence to which the idealist fighting for peace by nonviolent methods most easily succumbs: activism and overwork..

The rush and pressure of modern life are a form, perhaps the most common form, of its innate violence.

To allow oneself to be carried away by a multitude of conflicting concerns, to surrender to too many demands, to commit oneself to too many projects, to want to help everyone in everything is to succumb to violence.

The frenzy of activists neutralizes their work for peace and global justice. (*Seeds of Peace*, 1987: 245)

By quiet reflection, we can focus ourselves to avoid this contemporary violence.

Humanity needs to understand the interdependence of one individual upon another; we need to go beyond greed, power, and low self-esteem. To move closer to a nonviolent world, a major transformation in how we see ourselves must begin. Social transformation to build a liberating nonviolent community starts with the individual, and spreads to the family, community, state, country, and world through love and concern for others.

The impossible becomes possible, violence to nonviolence by the mere presence of someone who cares, loves, and gives of oneself.

ACTIVISM IS EMPOWERMENT

Ho'oipo DeCambra

KINOHI LOA (THE VERY BEGINNING)

As a Pacific Islander, I am privileged to present my reality to you. The Pacific Islands were born out of the sea. Lots of life comes to form through this magnificent evolution. My story is this story, born out of rock and beautiful life forms evolving over time. The people who live in the Pacific embrace the sea, sky, and earth. These people, my people, occupy one-third of the globe. The value system of my people is one of generosity, sharing, and cooperation. The myths and folklore of my people tell a wonderful history skilled in reading the stars, sky, waves, and every sign in nature. It is a scientifically advanced society, with elaborate familial, economic, political, and cultural systems that maintain a high level of intercommunication and legislative activity for its members.

As a Hawaiian activist and leader in the Wai'anae community on the west coast of O'ahu, I live for the day that progress means the development of Hawai'i's national identity. I dream and work for the Hawaiian national consciousness to unfold like that of any other great civilization.

I was born on the Hawaiian homestead of Papakolea on the slopes of Honolulu overlooking Pearl Harbor. I grew up during the 1950s-a time when being Hawaiian was not popular. I remember my mother being steeped in her Hawaiian rituals, and I can remember being told by others to forget those rituals. It was difficult to live within a culture and be told to forget those rituals. After all, those were the most impressionable years of my life.

Born of a Polynesian mother and a white father, I have come to the conclusion that I really had no choice saying where I would be born into. I realize that we all had no freedom to choose in this matter. As I grew up, I witnessed my mother secretly practicing Hawaiian rituals in our Papakolea home. When there was an illness, mother would take the center stalk of a ti plant and Hawaiian salt from the *kai* (sea) and mix these with *wai* (fresh water). She would invoke the gods and goddesses of Hawai'i, including the Christian god, walk through the *hale* (house) drawing down blessings upon everyone in the family. Things spiritual were common experiences.

I remember her telling me stories about how she took me to a Hawaiian healer soon after I was born (in a hospital). The doctors had to break my left arm in order to bring me totally out of the birth canal. I spent the first weeks of my life visiting a woman-healer in Makiki. I can remember going there when I was much older. It was a steep, narrow, winding road. I would play with the other children on the sloping hillside property. There were lots of children around; we spent time outside among the ti plants and animals, playing imaginatively while the adults took care of serious and spiritual matters. This experience of mother as healer was not to be talked about outside home. The message was especially clear when I would go to school. I was enrolled in a Catholic school where things Hawaiian were interpreted as pagan, and therefore forbidden.

Mother told me that when she took me back for a checkup at the doctors, the physicians were surprised the arm had healed so rapidly. They asked her what she had done to help the healing process, but she did not tell them about the healer. I continued to witness how she hid our culture as I was growing up.

Coming from a subsistence economy, we Hawaiians struggle to maintain the right to have access to those resources of water and land rights. As women, we are concerned about

education for our children and health care; we are concerned about the impact and shift of Western civilization, militarization, and the dependency on transnational corporations, which are fatal to our island economy and the social organization of our communities. This fatal impact is affecting the health of island men, women, and children. The means of production to meet our needs are being taken away from us. The ocean and land are seen as commodities to exploit without concern for replenishing these resources for the next generation.

I remember when I was seven years old, an adult used to tell scary stories to a group of us Hawaiian children. We would wait in great anticipation for the storyteller's appearance. Upon her arrival we would all grab her attention by begging her to tell us about the *akualele* (flying gods). We would sit on the woven *lauhala* mat at her feet and await the adventure of entering, if only for a while, into an ancient time where people and nature had extraordinary powers. Other times we would overhear the *kupuna* (elders) talking about *kahuna* (teachers) they remembered seeing with similar powers. As children we listened at the feet of these *kupuna* to amazing stories about our culture and native peoples, which stimulated a sense of wonder in us children. The stories of the night marchers who came down from the mountains during the night and marched in a path toward the sea were mysterious to us. These little people were characterized as powerful, strong, and able to do strange things. Some would walk through your house at night, jingle your dishes, looking for something to take. Some families would leave something out for these night marchers. As children, our minds were expanded with these stories. It became clear at a very early age that there were forces outside oneself and family.

A SON'S CHALLENGE

I believe the natural environment contributes greatly to influencing nonviolent behavior in a child's development. Living on an island, in close proximity to the ocean and

mountains, my son Herbie has been influenced by his physical and spiritual surroundings. He learned at a very early age about the sea and fishing and its purpose. He learned that engaging in these acts of fishing and hunting gave him a sense of pride and confidence. The mountains are treacherous. He acquired the ability to make life-saving choices by deciding which paths to take. Tracking the hunted pig gave him a sense of judgment. Throwing it over his shoulders and walking miles down steep inclines developed his surefootedness and physical body. Carrying and displaying the trophy of the dead pig on the hood of the Jeep was important to him. Driving through the community where people knew him contributed to his sense of manliness. He swam the vast Pacific Ocean and climbed over the Ko'olau range. Then to harvest fish and other life forms became an appropriate behavior for him, as modeled by his grandmother, father, peers, and other adults in his Hawaiian society.

In contrast, I can remember Herbie's first day of school. He did not want to go. He ran away from school at age five and came all the way home. As a parent, I thought that my job was to keep him in school, and that is just what I did. I watched him struggle with different teachers, thriving with some, stifled by others, until sixth grade. When he left elementary school for junior high, I saw him go down in his ability to finish the work required by public school teachers in Hawai'i.

From that time on I saw his spirit for book-learning leave his body. He could not keep up with the expectations being set for him by school authorities. Until his eleventh year in high school, I did not know what was going on for him. One day he just said, "Mom, I have to leave school. I want to go hunting and fishing for a year "

My response was rigid. "Quit school! If you don't go to school, you have to work. That's the way it is."

Activism is Empowerment

At age sixteen, this boy made his case-and did it well. He said, "But Mom, I have seen waterfalls and rainbows you will never see. I have seen mountaintops you will never see. Just let me do this a little while longer."

That night I lay in bed, pondering this choice of his and asking my husband what we should do. His thought was to let the boy do what he wanted. For the next several years Herbie did exactly that. With parental support, going against systems that told us we were bad parents, he climbed Mount Ka'ala, the highest mountain on the island of O'ahu. He dived the shores all along the Wai'anae Coast where we live. He gained a wondrous sense of self-confidence. He learned about life through his peers who traveled the same path. He became a provider to the family with the abundance of fish, goats, and *pua'a* (pigs) he caught. This was the traditional work of a Hawaiian man.

The culture of the school system in Hawai'i that I was attending in the 1950s was Christian and American. The culture of my native Hawaiian community of Papakolea held different values. Fishermen and women abounded, evidenced by the many boats, nets, and dry boxes in people's yards. Kupuna taught traditional *limu* (seaweed) planting and harvesting, fish catching, and taro planting and terracing. Valuable knowledge and experience on the proper management of land and ocean resources were being shared.

The contradictions and violence that I faced as a child in the school systems of Hawai'i are still present today. My son's struggle between the school system and the fight to maintain some remnant of his Native Hawaiian identity and intelligence was revealed in the following incident. One day Herbie came home from high school and said that when he tried to hand in a paper stating that Captain Cook did not discover Hawai'i and that Native Hawaiians were present before Cook arrived in 1778, he was reprimanded.

My son's discovery of his Hawaiian cultural rights to hunt and gather was life-giving. Having knowledge about our ethnicity is vital to our development. Identity comes in part through culture. Culture roots us in time and space. It gives meaning to our existence. To deny a people their cultural role is an act of violence.

THE WA'IANAE WOMEN'S SUPPORT GROUP

As a woman, I possess incredible healing power,
I will use this power to heal the world.

As a woman, I am life Creating,
I witness for peace:
I model forms of peace:
I affirm peace.

As a woman, I believe that all people
have the capacity and responsibility
to create a peaceful world,

The inspiration for my peace activism comes from my parents. My Papa called me *Chi*, which means "life force." Mother gave me the folklore that nurtures me with a vision for a better future. She broadened my worldview.

Seeking ways to reduce violence locally, I cofounded the Wai'anae Women's Support Group in 1979. More than thirty-five women met weekly to deal with the rising incidence of violence in their personal lives, both at home and in the community. The group published a newsletter to keep its members informed on relevant issues. We felt that personal power came through naming the violence and then resisting it. Hawaiian women, in particular, know and feel the victimization.

Out of this experience, we published a book in late 1981 by and about women and their life situations in Wai'anae, Nanakuli,

Ma'ili, and Makaha. Called *A Time of Sharing*, it is a book of oral history, poems, and drawings.

The Wai'anae Women's Support Group members were also involved in creating the Peace Education Program, a project of the Maryknoll Sisters of St. Dominic. The program was started in 1981 to help young children in the public schools develop skills for resolving conflict through nonviolent means. The students attended the workshops for one school period each day for two weeks. Then the entire school gathered for a closing assembly where the newly learned skills were demonstrated in skits, songs, and other group activities.

THE NUCLEAR PLIGHT OF THE PACIFIC

To live a life of nonviolence is far from being passive. It entails preparation, reflection, contemplation, and discipline. To interlace nonviolence with the Hawaiian worldview strengthens the probability for liberation. For me, activism is multifaceted and interconnected. It includes cultural liberation, Hawaiian feminism, and nuclear disarmament with nonviolence as the *modus operandi*. Activism is empowerment.

In 1982, I co-anchored the videotape program *Puhipau* (Last Breath), which has been widely shown throughout the state of Hawai'i. The program presented local doctors, members of the Physicians for Social Responsibility, discussing the effects on O'ahu of a 20-megaton nuclear air burst over Pearl Harbor.

The message I convey in the videotape is that the Hawaiian worldview sees interconnectedness of all things. The concept of *'ohana* (family) includes the extended families of the living and those who have died and those yet to be born. Plants and other living things of the *'aina* (land) would also be destroyed, perhaps for generations.

I had first become involved in supporting the Nuclear Free and Independent Pacific (NFIP) movement by engaging my family and friends in making and cooking 250 *lau-lau* (pork and fish steamed in ti leaves) for people attending the 1980 NFIP conference in Hawaii. In 1984, I visited the Marshall Islands and listened to women who reminded me of my own mother. They shared some of their most pressing concerns.

Today, we are Pacific Islanders.
Whose babies are born still?
Jellyfish forms of life that die soon after birth.

Who has been evacuated from their islands?
And these islands blown
out of the water
by the atom.

Where does radiation
contaminated ash
fall onto the ground
and our children play?

Who are the people
seen as guinea pigs
and expendable?
Whose genocide continues
by nation states?

We Pacific Islanders
remember Bikini, Enewetak,
Belau and
Muroroa and Kanaky.
Where do you own colonies
and my people are
massacred in your name?

My involvement with the NFIP brought me to the nightmarish aftermath of radiation exposure from nuclear testing in the Pacific. We, the mothers of Bikini, we, the mothers of Tahiti, we, the mothers of Hiroshima know why the United

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States will never learn. How arrogant of the U. S. corporations to continue to use resources to produce deadly contaminants as by-products of business. In the United States, it is acceptable to pollute the earth slowly as opposed to quickly. We mothers know that there are no safe levels of radiation when it comes to our children and grandchildren. Radiation exposure is cumulative; therefore over periods of time the smallest amounts produce mutations and diseases.

I have visited Three Mile Island in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. The women I visited in October of 1986 said the place was "red-hot." It has been contaminated by fallout from the Three Mile Island accident in 1979. I know from first-hand discussions with the mothers of Harrisburg that they live with the fear of never knowing when their children will be diagnosed as having some kind of cancer.

Until we trust citizens like the mothers of Three Mile Island, we cannot be separated from weapons and the reactors. Until we trust citizens like the mothers of Three Mile Island, we will not be able to understand the interrelatedness of nuclear power and nuclear weapons and how they combine to produce a deadly impact on the ecology. People will continue to be destructive, putting all in jeopardy because they remain separated from each other, separated from the earth, separated from world, separated from God, and separated from themselves.

HOMELESS IN OUR OWN LAND

Over the years we have witnessed an increased number of people living on the beaches on the island of O'ahu. What was happening so that hundreds of adults and children were making their residence on the shores? I wondered if this was representative of a statewide problem on other islands. I wondered, too, about the death of a five-year-old boy who died of pneumonia in his family's "home"-an automobile.

The politics of repression drains the spirit of hope. Approximately four hundred families living on beaches have faced arrest and eviction by the power of the state, scores of uniformed police, and jumpsuit-clad men of the tactical operations division. They swooped in and evicted homeless families from five different beach parks and barricaded entrances to prevent families from returning. People returning to the parks seeking shelter were told by the police that putting up any tarp or wood would subject them to arrest. At one park, the city threatened to shut off the water and electricity in order to force homeless families out of the pavilion. "No Parking" signs were put up along the highway adjacent to parks to discourage congregating by the homeless.

Repression is used to quiet the people and their dreams. Intimidation-through the legal system, arrests, fines, and jail sentences-is used to quell the people's pleas for structural changes.

Hawaiians are overly represented in the number of poor families occupying O'ahu's beach parks. We are experiencing increased incidents of a changing time, when there is great visibility of the poor in the world. Impoverished families are being denied basic rights of shelter and of an adequate environment for the education of their children.

As Native Hawaiians, we experience survival in a system that does not yet meet the basic human needs of the indigenous or the poor. This system forces Hawaiians to discover alternatives to meet basic needs. For example, it was creative and innovative for the homeless families to move onto the public beach parks because it enabled the problem of homelessness to become defined by those affected and to be made visible to the public.

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The women telling their stories to reporters was an ingenious method of communication. Seeing the situation of homelessness in print gave these women and families spirit and inspiration to redefine the issue over and over as they acted and reflected on their experiences of being homeless. Economic questions surfaced, as well as social, political, and cultural ones, almost all in the same breath. Education was the result of these dialogue situations.

Women took the lead in dealing with the issue of homelessness in their communities. Women have the desire to create reconciliation, cooperation, and harmony. They excel in the area of nurturing others. Creatively, they encourage their men and children to dream of a new day when all their needs would be met, such as warm beds and jobs with dignity. These women identified methods and ways to express themselves through their poetry, art, and song. They have given their men and children ways to express themselves through resistance.

Resistance takes many forms. What are these creative women up against? They are resisting a system that oppresses them, a system that does not provide for adequate affordable housing. In fact, a system that gives subsidies to developers and large corporations, but has not yet come to admit that the sons and daughters of the workers deserve subsidies as well.

These women have taught me that we are resisting a system that has been imposed from abroad and transported to Hawai'i and that supports the occupation of the land by the military and large landholders. These women have taught me that this system has to come to the negotiating table with the Hawaiians and the poor.

SELF-DETERMINATION

In thinking through how I became aware of the need to be liberated. I remember a black Mauritian man telling a group of us that if the oppressor has his foot on our belly, it was our responsibility to take the foot of the oppressor off our bellies. I was furious at him. I was always a victim. Now he was making me responsible for my own liberation. I had a lot of anger toward him for doing that.

But he was telling me what other Hawaiians had been saying for a long time. Ultimately, issues concerning my liberation could be resolved only through one process-and that was a process of self-determination. Life for any group of people is meaningful only when one's own choices are made in a free environment. For Native Hawaiians, land issues, reparations concerns, cultural expressions, and educational reforms really add up to self-determination. Without this process, there can be little else.

Native Hawaiian people are caught in the never-ending struggle for survival. As a colonized people, we are engaged in an independence struggle from the government of the United States. At the same time, women of color are trying to maintain some semblance of integrity with our relationships to dominant men. The issues of power over, power with, or power for people are at stake. True liberation can only come when one takes action for oneself.

SWORDS INTO PLOUGHSHARES

Anna McAnany

THE EARLY YEARS

As a child of Irish-Catholic parents, I attended a Catholic school and thrilled to the Pledge of Allegiance followed by singing "The Star Spangled Banner" with the "rockets red glare" and the "bombs bursting in air." At the same time, with four brothers, I was disturbed each time they got into a street fight or were punished by corporal discipline. I did admire the military parades and was proud of our victories in battle. I believed that the United States of America was always right.

At the age of nineteen, I entered the Maryknoll order filled with a love for Christ and a desire to share his message of love with people in third world countries. I was assigned to teach in the Maryknoll School in Honolulu. I loved my students and was rewarded with their response.

While I was teaching at Maryknoll School, our islands were attacked at Pearl Harbor. Of course I wanted the United States to win this war. But I was shocked at the treatment of our local Japanese people by the other American citizens. The violence and hatred expressed by them seemed so stupid and cruel. Is this what war does to us?

Nevertheless, I was happy about the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. I reasoned now the war will be over, our boys can come home, and we can live in peace again. It was only later, when I was a delegate to Japan for the Nuclear Freeze global conference, that I began to realize how cruel that bomb could be.

It was during this period of my life that I discovered Teilhard de Chardin. He caused a real revolution in my way of thinking and acting. In a flash, I experienced the unity of all nature, the presence of God everywhere, and the value of all our actions, humble or majestic. No longer did I concentrate on one nation but on the unity of all.

In 1964, I had the good fortune to be sent to Notre Dame University for my master's degree in theology, marking a new turning point in my spiritual life. I was especially moved by the study of the prophets. I heard their call to witness to justice and to peace. Their courage despite persecution, misunderstanding, and even death, was inspiring.

The Vietnam War was going on at this time. I believed it was wrong. I knew it was contrary to the teaching of Christ and I understood that the prophets would protest it. About this time, I discovered Jim Douglass of catholic Action and attended his classes at the Church of the Crossroads. His lectures always pulled me where I did not want to go but felt I must. I needed more support and courage if I was to take seriously the teachings of Christ, and I wondered why our Christian churches were not speaking out.

It was January 1970. At this time Christians Against Nuclear Arms (CANAN) was organized. A small committee of us sent an invitation to the leaders of the various Christian churches, both Catholics and Protestant, to join together and publicly proclaim our loyalty to the nonviolent Christ. Our letter stated:

Neither politics nor science, neither military power nor money, can give the solution to the present world situation. Now is the time for strong spiritual leadership to assert itself. "He gives strength to the weary and increases the power of the weak. Even youths grow tired and weary, and young men stumble and fall; but those who hope in the Lord will renew their strength. They will soar on wings like eagles, they will run and not grow

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weary, they will walk and not be faint" (Isaiah 40:29-31).

Let us put our *mana* (spiritual power, wisdom) together and witness the hope to believe that today Christ can transform weakness into strength, hostility into love, our swords into ploughshares.

Although we had appealed only to Christians (we wanted them to publicly profess their faith in the nonviolent Christ), we were later joined by Hebrews, Buddhists, and the secular nuclear-free coalitions.

We did meet with resistance and opposition, especially when we challenged the presence of the Cross on Camp Smith. I personally received some strong hate letters misunderstanding our message. We were not against the Cross, but challenged the idea that it was blessing the killing being planned at Camp Smith. We firmly believe God loves all his people and does not want us to destroy them, especially by the nuclear bomb.

At this particular time we are becoming aware of the harm being done to our planet, to the water, the air, and the *a'ina* (land). How much of this has been caused by our oil spills, our use of pesticides in war, and the energy wasted in bullets and bombs

During this time, Jim Douglass called and asked me to attend a Church Women United prayer service at the Fort Shafter Chapel. He suggested I try to bring up the topic of nonviolence. I did not know any of these people and I wondered what I could do. During the service we prayed for those in countries who were not enjoying the freedom to speak out. That was my sign. Nervously I interrupted the service and asked to talk. I prayed for those oppressed by war-our war against Vietnam. Our Americans who were drafted and our people who feared to speak out. I even challenged the chaplain who was not free to counsel the conscientious objectors.

The women were shocked at my outburst, but several offered me money for the "poor people" in Nanakuli!

On another occasion, three of us planned to speak out on the type of bombs used against the Vietnamese military. We entered the Hickam Air Force Base, asked the guard for directions to the Catholic Chapel, and heard the priest pray for world peace. Toward the end of the service, each of us stood at the exits and offered leaflets to the people coming out of church. These leaflets were entitled "Respect for Life." Thinking these were talking about abortion, people willingly received them. But they soon discovered we were describing types of bombs that could enter the body and break into millions of splinters that caused untold agony to their victims. We were arrested, fingerprinted, detained a few hours, given a letter barring us from the base, then dismissed.

I must say we were impressed with the service given us on this occasion. Each of us was escorted to a car with officers-a special car for each of us! The following day newspaper made much of the arrest of three religious women by armed military police.

The following day, an officer from Schofield Barracks and his wife demanded the return of drums they donated to our Youth Club. They had bought them for their son, but he disgraced them by becoming a peace advocate. Our pastor was disturbed because they were hurt. But I was not. I told him they could take back their drums.

FROM HONOLULU TO HIROSHIMA

In 1984 I was sent as a delegate to Japan to take part in a Nuclear Freeze global conference. The conference was scheduled for one week of activities in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, but I was asked by a labor union if I could remain there for a month, speaking in various cities and to different organizations

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on the evils of nuclear war. This assignment had a tremendous effect on me.

First, the Japanese women impressed me. They were concerned about the children-not just the children of Japan but those all over the world. They were very strong and sincere in their desire to eliminate war every place the world. When they saw me on television and learned I was from Hawai'i, they came to see me and told me about a film they had made. They wanted it to be seen by children all over the world. They felt it was the best defense against another war.

After the Freedom of Information Act was passed by the United States Congress in 1966, a group of these Japanese women requested copies of films and photographs that had been taken by our U,S, military. In 1945, right after the U.S. Air Force dropped atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey Committee went to Japan to investigate their effects. More than eighty thousand feet of film taken at that time was kept in the National Archives in Washington D.C., unbeknownst to the public.

The Japanese citizens movement decided to organize a campaign to purchase the footage from the United States and to produce films based upon it. The price was fifteen cents per ten feet. In spring of 1982 the movement produced the first film, *The Lost Generation*. It revealed the awful reality of the atomic bomb devastation and the condition of the *hibakushas* (A-bomb victims), some of whom are still living, but in excruciating pain. It is a strong film, disturbing our complacency and turning our values upside down.

The Japanese women offered to give me a copy of *The Lost Generation* with the request that I show it to teenagers in Hawai'i. They felt that if teenagers could see this film, they would reject war. I thanked them and promised to spread the message!

I told my students, "This is a disturbing picture. Some people feel you are too young to be confronted with this tragedy." Then I asked, "How do you feel? Should I have shown it to you?" Here are a few responses:

"We are the future leaders and we have to face reality. If we know what happened, we can stop it."

"At first I thought a nuclear war would be fun. But now I'm very scared about what can happen. I would like to keep peace in the future."

"I don't think I have ever in my life been touched as much as today. The movie that we just saw made me hurt so bad that I feel the hurt that they were feeling. I also felt scared and frightened. How could the United States do such a thing to innocent people? That could have been us in that movie. I often think we have a hard life, but now I thank God for my life, family, and friends."

After my visit to Japan, I became convinced that my attraction to peace education was valid.

THE PHILIPPINES

The following year (1985), I was sent as a representative to the International Solidarity Conference in the Philippines, held in Davao City September 7-21. It was an inspiration to me to meet beautiful people from Switzerland, Australia, Canada, New Zealand, the United States, Malaysia, West Germany, India, the Netherlands, Japan, Hawai'i, France, Indonesia, Zimbabwe, Australia, Tanzania, Thailand, Singapore, and Kanaky (New Caledonia). Many of them came from church organizations concerned about the welfare of the Filipino people.

First we had a weekend exposure and were made aware of the extreme poverty, the precarious future of the economy, and the cruel arrests and tortures of the people. The ocean was

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muddy and murky, babies were born with many defects, and the men were surviving on cheap cigarettes. But the people were well-organized to write and protect one another. They included student groups, dropout students, lawyers, journalists, farmers, women's groups, religious sisters, and others. That was in 1985. A decade later they were still in poverty, but will never give up.

It was a great experience to be part of that delegation. I felt the concern expressed by people from so many different countries. They care about the distress and suffering, not just of their own people, but also reaching out to the world.

I recently received a letter from a political prisoner in Negros Occidental. "You know, sister," the letter read, "Almost all of the twenty-two of us are victims of existing intensive militarization in the countryside where our barrios are declared as no man's land by the Philippine army soldiers. Our families are forced to evacuate down to the city and town centers where extreme poverty and hunger awaits, because they have no more farm to till. Many children died because of unattended chronic disease infections. Please continue to work in solidarity with us and solicit medicine for our malnourished children. Predro Rayoso and company."

In reply, I quoted the prophet Amos 9:13-15: "Once more I will plant them on their own soil and they shall never again be uprooted from the soil that I have given them."

WALK FOR PEACE

In 1987 we planned a walk around the island of O'ahu to protest the proliferation of nuclear bombs. It had several other goals besides protest: we realized that if we expected others to support our struggle against global war, we must uphold them in their local concerns. We also wanted to involve the churches more deeply in our CANA testimony.

We planned to do this march during Holy Week, beginning on Palm Sunday and ending at the sunrise ceremony at Punchbowl National Cemetery on Easter Sunday. It was to be an ecumenical action.

We would call the pastors of the various churches asking for lunch or supper hospitality, dialoguing with their people on local concerns about education and the economy, enjoying their liturgies, and camping overnight in their halls or on their grounds. We were grateful for their food. Our aim in this walk was to be a presence of peace to the people, not to cover miles. We took our time and talked to people along the way. We responded to the honks of cars and laughed as we got soaked with rain or drenched with perspiration. People felt free to join us at any point on the way. Some of the churches prepared interesting liturgies as well as delicious meals.

TEACHING PEACE

Although the Soviet Union had decided they wanted a change, we are amazed to find wars breaking out all over the world. I began to realize that we can never have peace until all have peace. The most important thing we can do now is to educate for peace. Our country is supposed to be at peace, but our children are killing each other, students are threatening their teachers, and even little ones are learning to use drugs and guns. So we decided to put our efforts into peace education.

We had formed the Waianae Women's Support Group to enable women to share their stories of hurt and violence and to enable each other to build self-esteem. This proved to be very effective. Then these women felt a need to help others. As we listened to the high school students talk about their fear of violence in the schools, we decided to create the Peace Education Program and bring peace into the local high school. We planned a curriculum based on the Hawaiian culture and its deep spiritual values. It took a few years to persuade the principal that this could benefit the school and his educational

goals. But after that, the peace program spread quickly to most of the public schools on the Wai'anae Coast.

Since then it has been recognized by more than twenty educational and service awards. These include various groups in the Wai'anae community itself; various Catholic and Protestant churches, such as the Church of the Crossroads Peace Award in 1990; the Honolulu City Council; various state agencies such as the Department of Education and Health and the University of Hawai'i; and recognition by the governor of Hawai'i. The program received the community leader award for support services to public schools on the Wai'anae Coast. Invitations were received to spend a weekend on the military target island of Kaho'olawe by Hawaiians seeking its reversion to civilian and Hawaiian cultural control and to consult on peace education with the military community at Aliamanu on O'ahu. In 1991 and 1993 the program was commended for outstanding participation by the Hawai'i State Martin Luther King, Jr., Holiday Commission.

A RAINBOW OF PEACE EDUCATION

In conclusion let me set forth my vision of peace education: nothing great has ever been accomplished unless it has first been dreamed of. We need to visualize a planet entrusted to us, to see ourselves as members of one human family, sharing and caring for one planet. We begin with ourselves, on this island, and we see how we are interconnected, sharing the land, water, sun, and air.

Peace education must help students to realize they are all members of the one family, needing to share the earth's resources so that each has enough, to feel the power of the spiritual in each of us, and to use that energy of love to overcome evil, hate, anger, and bitterness. We must begin where we are in our own environment and with our own person, extending out to members of our family, school, community, nation, and globe. We must teach and believe in the power of love, in the bonding that can

take place, and hope for a better world. We are called to go forward.

Peace means being in harmony with nature, respecting it and using its resources for our needs--at the same time, respecting the basic needs of others. Our Peace Education Program is based on the holistic method. Everything and everyone on this planet is interconnected and affects each of us. Every person is a member of the human family and is responsible for the growth or destruction of this family, "a building is as strong as its weakest stone." Imagine our power to love growing and broadening until it can embrace the totality of humanity and of the earth.

Peace education must be positive, based on hope and vision of a better world. It must challenge the students to go forward, to feel responsible for the improvement of our planet, to use their gifts and talents for the greater good of this human family. With our new understanding of the universe, we appreciate the unity of all creation. Out of that original burst of the atom hydrogen we discover the ongoing creation in water, land, air, fire, insects, birds, fish, flowers, and trees--culminating in the human person gifted with creative thinking and free will. The human is confronted with the great responsibility of appreciating the entire cosmos. Once a truth has been expressed, it can never be lost. The power of the human person to express truth and to radiate it to others is limitless.

Our Peace Education Program logo features the rainbow, representing our desire to promote hope, unity, and beauty. The different colors express the variety of human people each authentic and beautiful in themselves, but even more beautiful when placed in a rainbow. The rainbow expresses its desire to bring peace and joy to our evolving planet. The greater one person becomes, the more we all become one--conscious of our power and able to control it--the more beautiful creation will be.

JOURNEY TO MALU 'AINA

James V. Albertini

EARLY INFLUENCES

I was born in 1946 and raised in the small coal-mining town of Mt. Carmel, Pennsylvania. It had a population of about eight thousand people. My immigrant grandfathers on both sides of the family worked in the mines. My mother's father died in a mining accident when my mother was a year old. My mother and father were the first in their families to go to college. My mother was a kindergarten teacher and my father owned a small automobile business.

Mt. Carmel is nestled in the mountains of central eastern Pennsylvania, so we were far removed from big cities. The town, for the most part, was a very devout Roman Catholic community. It was close-knit-people knew each other.

I was the third of four children. My parents' first child died of appendicitis at the age of three. She died before I was born. I have two brothers, one is four years older and the other is four years younger. I am a child of the nuclear age. One of my earliest recollections, probably in the 1950s, is about the whole town being blacked out at night for air raid drills. Our family would gather in the innermost hallway of our home and we would say the rosary. I remember thinking then that war didn't seem to make any sense. Why would anyone want to attack Mt. Carmel, Pennsylvania, a mining village in the middle of the mountains?

The fact that our family would come together and say the rosary was an expression of the way I grew up. I was an altar boy and choir boy. I went to daily mass. I attended a small

parish school from kindergarten through high school and graduated from a Catholic university. In all, I had seventeen years of Catholic education and the love and support of a close family.

I remember two significant events in my high school days that caused questions of conscience regarding violence and nonviolence. The first was the Cuban missile crisis in 1962. I remember seeing the crisis develop and having a real sense that we were talking about possible massive destruction from a nuclear war. The following year, Pope John XXIII wrote an encyclical called *Pacem in Terris* (Peace on Earth). For me, it was the first time that nonviolence was being expressed as a way of hope to a world on the brink of being consumed by violence in a nuclear holocaust. This seemed to make a lot of sense to me. It went right to the heart of gospel principles about love: love your neighbor, and love your enemy. Pope John XXIII had such an influence on me that I chose John as my confirmation name.

In the fall of 1964 I enrolled in Villanova University, near Philadelphia. I was not quite sure where I was going with my life, and I decided to concentrate on theology and the world of economics, finance, and marketing—rather divergent fields of study. My choices were really an extension of my upbringing—washing and polishing cars, pumping gas at my father's business, and thinking that my future would also be in business. But because of my close ties to the church, I had a sense of calling to study theology as well.

Even though it was a Catholic university, those studying business seemed to be really cut off from the moral responsibilities of social justice and peace. The main concern was making money. Those studying theology, for the most part, also seemed cut off from the moral responsibilities of social justice and peace. It all seemed a bit too pious and pompous for me. At times, I felt like a fish out of water.

VIETNAM WAR RESISTANCE

Parallel to my college education was the growing civil rights movement and the escalating Vietnam War. The voice of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., combined theology and the concerns of peace and justice. For him, nonviolence was not simply a tactic. It was a way of life.

Somewhere along the way I heard the phrase, "Don't let school interfere with your education." I understood that to mean theology was being taught and learned in the struggles for civil rights more in the streets than in the lecture halls. The same was true for the war. And that perhaps the main "business" we needed to be about was the "business" of justice and peace.

As the war escalated, questions about the CIA and the ROTC on campus and recruiting for the war industries became topics of debate. As my class approached graduation in 1968, we were faced with the personal question of how we were going to respond to the war. Would we enlist? Would we face the draft? Would we become conscientious objectors, draft resisters, or leave the country?

Based on my upbringing, and drawing upon those years of studying the gospel, the writings of Pope John XXIII, Martin Luther King, Jr., and Dorothy Day of the Catholic Worker, as well as figures in history such as Gandhi, Thoreau, and Tolstoy, I was being moved to say "NO" to war-all war.

In April 1968, Martin Luther King, Jr., was assassinated in Memphis. The week in May that I graduated from Villanova, Fathers Daniel and Philip Berrigan and seven others burned draft files in Catonsville, Maryland. Robert Kennedy was assassinated in June. And later that summer there were the police riots at the Democratic National Convention in Chicago.

It was really a time of great upheaval, both personal and in terms of the national fabric. One had to take a stand, one way or the other. I made the decision that I would file for conscientious

objector status. For me, war seemed to be in direct conflict with the New Testament and the biblical command to love your enemies.

The Berrigan brothers' action of destroying draft files "upped the ante" of nonviolence. Their action raised the question of whether or not it was enough to simply remove oneself from participation in war. For me, their action was a calling to a deeper level of responsibility, to oppose violence actively through nonviolent resistance.

In the fall of 1968, I began to teach school. I can remember students asking me what I thought of the Berrigan action of destroying draft files and was that indeed a nonviolent action? Students and adults seemed more concerned about the burning of draft files than the burning of human flesh with napalm in Vietnam. That was precisely the point of the Berrigan action, to raise questions of values. What is sacred?

On Veterans Day 1968, two other teachers and I picketed the local draft board in Clearfield, Pennsylvania, the small town where we were teaching at the time. The draft board wasn't too far from the local Veterans of Foreign Wars center and we ended up being physically attacked by drunken veterans. We didn't physically resist and fortunately no one was seriously injured.

We survived the physical attack, but we nearly did not survive the philosophical attack. Pressure was being put on the school from around the state to have us fired for the simple act of peaceful picketing. I can remember going to the faculty lunch the day after the picket. The lines were drawn-what people really thought of the war or about dissent. The issue was no longer remote. So you lose friends, you make friends. You learn about yourself, and you learn about others in times of challenge. All of that helps the process of clarifying your real values in life, war and peace, and where you stand on nonviolence and violence.

FROM DISSIDENT TO RESISTANCE

For me, the period from 1968 to 1972 was a process in my own heart and soul of moving from dissent to resistance. I would define resistance as crossing the line, as exemplified by the Berrigan action, where you risk imprisonment for acting upon your beliefs. The process involves moving from peace being an extracurricular activity, to more of a life choice and full-time direction. Peace and justice become your primary concern and the way you live.

I came to Hawai'i in 1970 to teach school. Hawai'i was the staging ground, the command center, the force and deployment area, for the war. While teaching at St. Ann's School, in Kane'ohe, the war was very close. Every day, during my first theology class, I would have to stop talking about the gospel because of the roar of the war jets from the nearby Marine base on their way to practice bombing the island of Kaho'olawe before being deployed to Vietnam. As I looked at my students, I would think to myself, if we were Vietnamese and heard that sound, it wouldn't just be an inconvenience or a disruption of our class. We would be running for the holes for cover. So it got to the point, that if my words of peace were to have substance, I would have to move across that line from dissent to resistance.

In March of 1972, after years of appeals to Congress and other forms of nonviolent dissent, a friend and I poured our blood on top secret files at Hickam Air Force Base, the Pacific headquarters of the Air Force. We took that action as a personal statement of resistance to the war. We tried to say that we have to be willing to risk jobs and imprisonment in the work of peace. We poured our blood in the name of the human family under God, a global community created to live in peace, a community of love which can become fully real only when we are willing to resist the shedding of the blood of others by the giving of our own.

For that act I was fired from my teaching job and

imprisoned. It was not unexpected. It was part of the price for acting upon one's beliefs. In the tradition of the Catholic Worker, I have tried to live simply and move deeper into a life of serving others.

Increasingly, it is living on the edge, a very marginal existence, without wages or salary. Jail and prison have been a rather frequent consequence of taking stands for justice and peace. Since 1972 to date, I have spent more than twenty months in jail and prison for acts of nonviolent resistance.

An analogy might help to clarify the process of moving from dissent to resistance. It is an analogy of parallel and intersecting lines. I use parallel lines to mean living our lives in a way where we keep a distance from the violence being carried out in our names. An awful notion of parallel lines would be the railroad tracks that went into the extermination camps in Nazi Germany. Too many people lived lives parallel to what was taking place in those camps.

I really think that while I was in college, I was living a life, for the most part, parallel to the violence being carried out in my name in Vietnam by the U.S. military. After all, while dabbling in peace, I was captain of the university golf team, and my social calendar wasn't exactly filled with a social justice agenda.

Intersecting lines form a cross. The cross is a symbol of suffering and death for the sake of others. It is also a symbol of the crucifying power of empire for those it considers a threat. The tendency is for us to keep our distance from the cross and that is where the rub lies. It is not very responsible to live lives parallel to violence, injustice, and suffering. Responsibility calls us to the way of the cross, to intersect the violence, injustice, and suffering in our midst. The way of the cross is a life of resistance. The choice is ours. How will we live our lives?

NUCLEAR RESISTANCE

After the Vietnam War, I focused on trying to stem the tide of violence in our world, which threatened all life through a nuclear war. As with my Vietnam War resistance, this was done as part of a small volunteer group with the name catholic Action of Hawai'i. We used a small c to emphasize the universal, though many of us had large C Catholic backgrounds.

Beginning in 1974 I put most of my effort into researching the nuclear arms race and trying to understand Hawaii's role in it, which was hidden behind a blanket of official secrecy. The research eventually resulted in the publication of a book by me and a few friends, entitled *The Dark Side of Paradise: Hawai'i in a Nuclear World* (1980). The book is really a case study of finding local handles to a global issue and the campaigns of resistance that followed. Research and nonviolent resistance took us to nuclear weapon deployment and storage sites and their command centers. Acts of conscience in resistance to nuclear arms took us to jail: for praying at nuclear weapon bunkers and in war planning rooms, for leafletting, and for planting seeds of peace on agricultural lands used for bomb storage.

One thing that certainly can be said of our campaigns of nonviolent resistance is that Hawai'i's hidden role in the nuclear arms race became very visible. Official secrets of where N-bombs were stored became common knowledge. Public discussion and questioning began to take place about Hawai'i's nuclear role because of nonviolent direct action. Issues were dramatized to the point where they could no longer be ignored.

Sometimes the military reaction or overreaction is the best gauge of when we are doing something right. One such event I would like to note was a peace march to the Pearl Harbor West Loch nuclear weapon storage depot in 1980.

In preparation for commemorating the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, I had asked the help of a Hawaiian

kupuna, Emma DeFreeze, known affectionately as Aunty Emma. I had come to know Aunty Emma while working in support of the Protect Kaho'olawe 'Ohana. We discussed a range of possibilities for action but decided upon a peace march to West Loch with everyone carrying *keiki kalo* (baby taro) plants as positive symbols of proper land use in contrast to N-bomb storage.

Aunty Emma's choice of *kalo* as a symbol was a very powerful way of uniting the peace and the *Kanaka maoli* (Native Hawaiian) justice movements. The military reacted by an enormous show of armed troops to guard the base perimeter and voluntarily shut down the base for the day of the protest. This action was unprecedented in Hawai'i. I believe the military sensed, and feared, the power and potential for good that joined hands that day.

A hundred years ago, Hawaii, the land of aloha, had been transformed from an independent nation to a military occupied colony of the United States. In 1893, the U.S. military assisted American businessmen in the illegal overthrow of Queen Lili'uokalani. Today, the military/ business alliance remains, with tourism and the military replacing sugar as the main outside interests exploiting the people and land of Hawai'i.

Over 20 percent of O'ahu's land is controlled by the U.S. military. The land is bombed and poisoned by chemical and nuclear toxins. Radioactive waste has been dumped in Hawaiian waters. Military horrors continue with little or no official questioning.

United States courts have ruled that the people of Hawai'i have no right to know, or nothing to say, about the matter of nuclear weapons stored in our backyards. The same courts have also ruled to suppress dissent at public military propaganda forums. These are just two examples of life under U.S. military occupation.

Journey to Malu'Aina

To stand against the U.S. military involves paying a heavy price. I was sentenced to three years in federal prison for a swim for peace in 1984 trying to uphold the spirit, and the letter, of Hawai'i County's nuclear-free ordinance. Hawai'i County passed its nuclear-free zone law in 1981, the first such municipality in the entire United States to make a law declaring itself a nuclear-free zone, but it was ignored by the U.S. military, which repeatedly sent in nuclear warships to the county's civilian ports as a way of saying to the local community "Cry Uncle! and Submit! Don't try and dictate to the U.S. military where it can and can't go. Accept U.S. domination and learn to like it."

After repeated requests for the military to respect the law, and after trying unsuccessfully to find a judge with courage to uphold the law against the military, the Big Island Nuclear-Free Zone Group, of which I was a part, announced a nonviolent swimming blockade of the next warship. On the day the warship arrived in Hilo Bay, three of us entered the water, with a large support group of hundreds on the docks. We swam toward the approaching ship with our hands up symbolically to say "STOP." Instead of stopping, the military had us arrested. As the leader, I was sentenced to three years in prison for that action. My other swimming friends were given either a couple months in jail or no jail time and a fine.

It was interesting to see the weight of the U.S. military come upon a small remote place like Hilo, Hawai'i. A visiting federal judge, Spencer Williams, who had twenty-nine years of experience as a lieutenant commander in the Navy, was brought in from the U.S. mainland for the trial. After sentencing me, he left town the following day. It had all the appearances of a well-orchestrated "hit," like a mafia attack.

A significant victory of the people, led by the Protect Kaho'olawe 'Ohana, has been the end of bombing the island of Kaho'olawe and the island's return to civilian control. The struggle took more than seventeen years of organizing, including nonviolent land occupations resulting in the arrest and jailing of

Hawaiian activists. Two leading activists, George Helm and Kimo Mitchell, died in the struggle. Aunty Emma also died before seeing the bombing of Kaho'olawe stopped once and for all.

MOVING TO THE GRASSROOTS

The base of catholic Action of Hawaii was donated office space from the Wesley Foundation next to the University of Hawai'i in Honolulu. After publishing *The Dark Side of Paradise* in 1980, I remembered reading about Gandhi when he was involved in the Indian National Congress. He said the Congress can't just be a group of lawyers in Bombay and Calcutta. We need to stand in the fields with the people.

Gandhi tried to practice what he preached. He moved from the very proper attire of the British gentleman lawyer to the loincloth of the peasant. And his base became an agricultural community. It was a personal statement of moving in solidarity with the grassroots, where hope for the future had to be born.

One of the experiences in Hawai'i that moved me deeply was my involvement with farmers being evicted from Kalama Valley on O'ahu to make way for golf courses in 1971. Thirty-two people were arrested on their rooftops in this important Hawaiian land struggle. There simply is no justice in evicting farmers for golf courses.

Kalama Valley said to me how important it is to be rooted to the land in the struggle for justice and peace. This sense only deepened with each new eviction and land struggle: Waiahole/Waikane, Makua, Sand Island, Hale Mohalu, Kaho'olawe, just to name a few.

From the mid-seventies, I have been a part of the Nuclear Free and Independent Pacific movement and I have traveled around the Pacific. In every place I have been, the problems are much the same. Native people are being pushed off the land by

Journey to Malu'Aina

outside economic forces and/or military interests. Radiation and other poisons of a militarized, consumer society are left on sacred land.

In all of my public speaking on peace, I would try to make links to the justice struggles on the land. And even while based at the University, I began planting *kalo* (taro) as a personal discipline and tie to the land. More and more, I was being drawn to the simple life on the land as a grassroots base for the work of justice and peace.

A very important justice struggle tied to the land that affected me deeply was Hale Mohalu (House of Comfort), a small Hansen's disease (leprosy) community located in Pearl City on the island of Oahu. In 1978, the state wanted to evict the patients. The patients resisted, saying this is our home. In response, the state cut off the patients' water and electricity and stopped all medical care. I and others worked with the patients to organize support for their cause of justice and human dignity. A beautiful lasting bond of friendship and solidarity developed. Together, we were arrested when the state came with bulldozers to destroy the patients' home. The struggle has taken more than fifteen years, but new housing for the patients is being built on the Hale Mohalu site.

MALU 'AINA

In 1980, a rather remarkable blessing occurred. A friend and supporter said that she would be glad to make a donation of land if it could be useful for peace and justice. So was born the Malu 'Aina Center for Nonviolent Education and Action, a nonprofit organization which hopefully will serve as a grassroots justice and peace center from generation to generation. The name, Malu 'Aina (Land of Peace), was chosen by Bernard Punikaia, a leader of the Hansen's disease patients at Hale Mohalu and Kalaupapa. In fact, some of the first donations to Malu 'Aina came from Bernard, Clarence Naia, and other friends at Hale Mohalu. And over the years, we have often marched

together for peace.

There is an important lesson in all of this. When you work for peace and justice and support-people on their terms, in their struggles, you will be blessed in unknown ways. The gift of land, and the blessings of solidarity by the people at Hale Mohalu, is living testimony to this fact.

With the gift of land, faith, and a lot of help, seed money was raised. In 1981, a few friends and I came to Malu 'Aina in the Puna District of the island of Hawai'i with tents, a few hand tools, and used building materials. The process has been inch by inch ever since. We are still just a few in residence full-time, but supporters near and far help keep us going. We live without the electric company. We catch rainwater. We grow a wide variety of fruits and vegetables. We share food with people in need and market some to help with expenses.

At Malu 'Aina, it is a natural step to make our peace and justice standpoint an environmental standpoint because of how we are living. It is a very different way of living than in the city. I feel we are able to see more clearly that nuclear arms, and militarism in general, are profound environmental issues. The bomb is a symbol of the spiral of violence-begets-violence, to the point of total destruction. All along the way is the poisoning of the environment. I also feel that our standpoint of the land helps us see more clearly what constitutes abuse of the land. The taro patch stands in stark contrast to the exploitation of the tourist industry.

Coming to Malu 'Aina in 1981 had a lot to do with the mystery of faith and the standpoint of the land in the work of justice and peace. Perhaps it is simply that we need to let the spirit of the land enter our hearts. Here with the kalo and sweet potatoes, we spend a lot of time bent over, so we are close to the earth, to the spirit of the land. Sometimes we act just because we sense it is the right thing to do. We work through the reasons why as we go along.

Gandhi knew he had to stand in the fields and live the life of the common person in order to give expression to the concerns of the common people. To put it another way, peace and nonviolence need to be rooted to the struggles for justice by the common people. For the most part, peace movements have been too removed from justice struggles. We need to get down there and stand in solidarity with people who are suffering here and now in our midst, as well as stand with people in different parts of the world.

Today in Hawai'i, I try to stand in solidarity with Native Hawaiians who are taking nonviolent direct action to occupy Hawaiian lands, rather than waiting to die before returning to the land. Occupying land through nonviolent direct action is sovereignty in action. Villages are being born through land occupations. The actions are being taken by the dispossessed, by those with little, or nothing, left to lose. History is being made. A sense of community and selfreliance is being rediscovered. This is the base of a new Hawaiian nation that will simply not allow the military and business patterns of abuse to continue to despoil the land and oppress people.

NONVIOLENCE: MEANS ARE THE END

Amid the currents in my own life, from the Vietnam War, to nuclear arms, to environmental, economic justice, and land issues, there is the basic connection to nonviolence. In nonviolence "the means we use must be in line with the ends we seek." The means are also the ends.

There is a movement called the "seamless garment," which means working from a consistent ethic of nonviolence for justice and peace, not simply when nonviolence is expedient, convenient, or appears politically correct.

I would say that basic to nonviolence is the organic process, like the way we grow food here at Malu 'Aina. We believe that if we take care of the land, the land will take care of us.

Agribusiness has other concerns. The end (profit) justifies the means (poison). The 'aina is not viewed as our mother, it is a commodity to be bought and sold, used and abused. At Malu 'Aina, we believe that getting down to earth means to be concerned about our mother and the poisoning of the planet and the whole ecosystem. We need to rediscover the nonviolent organic ethic of being "in synch" with nature. Otherwise, we will indeed reap what we sow.

An example of being "out of synch" with nature is the rush for ever-increasing energy consumption in Hawaii. Geothermal energy is being pushed in Hawaii by big business and political interests despite its violation of native Hawaiian culture and religion, poisoning of local communities, and the destruction of rain forest. It is classic ends justify the means" for the sake of vested economic interests. To make matters worse, these corporate profiteers try to pose as environmentalists.

The conflict of values reflected in the years of struggle over geothermal energy have resulted in hundreds of arrests for nonviolent direct action. One of the largest arrest actions in Hawai'i's history was an effort to save the Wao Kele O Puna rain forest from destruction for geothermal energy production.

Native Hawaiians, through the Pele Defense Fund, have led the effort to save Hawai'i's rain forest and stop geothermal development. Malu 'Aina has served as a base for the Big Island Rainforest Action Group (BIRAG), a group that has worked in solidarity with the Pele Defense Fund. In the struggle to stop geothermal development in Hawai'i, BIRAG sees justice for Native Hawaiians and environmental concerns as one.

The challenge of nonviolence is to give a constructive outlet to our anger over injustice. Without such an outlet, anger is just bottled up to the point of exploding, or it moves to despair. There is a great need to bridge the gap between academic institutions and the struggles in the field. University people, with their access to great resources, need to find ways of

standing in solidarity with grassroots people on the cutting edge of social change. There have got to be ways we can link up places like Malu 'Aina, the Free Association Hawaiian villages, and the Matsunaga Institute for Peace.

PERSONAL INFLUENCES

Dorothy Day had a great spiritual strength and vision. She immersed herself in the problems of the poor and responded in a personal way to their need for food, clothing, shelter. She also stood in resistance to the causes of the problem, which she defined as "the filthy rotten system." Strong words from a very traditional Catholic.

Day and *The Catholic Worker* stood as a real contrast to the consumer society. She lived right with the poor and was available to respond to their needs. She stood with those suffering and she stood with those struggling for justice and peace, from farm workers to war resisters. *The Catholic Worker* newspaper continues to publish after more than sixty years. It is still a penny a copy and its writings go to the heart of our world's problems. It is definitely "must reading."

Franz Jagerstatter was an Austrian peasant from an obscure village in the Alps. He was a devout Catholic and was the only one in his village to say "NO" to Hitler. Jagerstatter refused induction into the German Army. He had to stand against the grain of his church and even his bishop. He had a wife and three children. For resisting, he was imprisoned and eventually beheaded. From all appearances, that was the end of story.

Remarkably, however, a book has been written about his life-*In Solitary Witness*, by Gordon Zahn, an American sociologist. By reading that book, I was encouraged to resist the Vietnam War.

This is the point of the mustard seed of nonviolence. A poor Austrian peasant in a remote village, with no support, who

died in obscurity, has influenced generations of war resisters around the world. The point is that when you act you never fully understand the effects of your action. It is like a seed being planted. The seed dies, then, in some miraculous way, it gives life and perhaps bears fruit in due time. That is really the message at the heart of the gospel.

Another person who was a big influence on me was the Trappist monk, Thomas Merton. And I know he has had a profound effect on other peace and social justice activists as well. There is a bit of irony there. The more Merton reflected in his hermitage, the more he wrote with great clarity on questions of peace, racism, and social justice in the larger society. For me, he was part of the water from the well. He showed me the need to combine prayer and reflection with activism. In a very real sense, Malu 'Aina's day-to-day discipline of planting seeds is an important part of reflection, prayer, and contemplation. For me, it's the less visible side of activism, but it is essential to sustain vision and hope. Without it, the roots aren't going to hold. It gives the staying power, the balance to stand against the tide.

Merton told a story about the need for discipline. He was talking about everything in the society crumbling. Things that we once could rely on were breaking down. There was great uncertainty. Under such circumstances, the creation of new forms is a very difficult task. Where do we begin? How do we proceed? What holds it all together for the time being? Merton was speaking to this point thirty years ago, but I think the message is timeless. It has bearing for us today in Hawai'i.

About two hundred years ago, Hawai'i was a self-reliant society. It was completely self-sufficient in food, shelter, and all the basics. Today, in the name of progress, we have become totally reliant on destructive economic forces. There are people hungry, homeless, and increasingly desperate. To create new forms of self-reliance today is a major and difficult task. Where do we begin? What is the process? What can we rely upon? How can we draw upon traditions?

One way is simply to start planting the kalo and to talk to friends about its importance and meaning. To plant the kalo we have to humble ourselves by getting our hearts close to the spirit of the 'aina. By taking such steps, I believe other steps will open up.

The Kanaka Maoli sovereignty movement, especially that being defined as a multiethnic independent Hawai'i, appears to offer the best hope for peace, justice, and saving Hawai'i's environment. Approaching issues piecemeal under the current U.S. political and economic system is merely putting bandaids on cancer.

Meanwhile, for me, growing food to share is a spiritual experience. It is a communion with the creator, with nature, and with one another. It puts us in our proper place. The arrogance of Western society has flourished because we have so removed ourselves from what is basic about life. The quest for upward mobility has replaced being down to earth. Concern for kala (money) has replaced respect for the sacred kalo. Nearly everything has been reduced to a cash value commodity.

REFLECTIONS AND LESSONS LEARNED, SUCSESSES AND FAILURES

I would say that rooting nonviolence in solidarity for justice goes to the heart of what I have learned from experience.

Another important lesson would be drawing strength from one's spiritual tradition. For me, it has been my Catholic background, the gospel. For others it may be different, but each must draw from some spiritual well or tradition.

Jail and prison are part of the road of hard knocks for a nonviolent resister. What can I pass along about handling jail and prison? You can survive it and learn from it. Jail is an important refresher course of the nonviolent lifestyle. Keeping a journal is a helpful jail discipline. For me, reading scripture and

the support of family and friends nourished my spirit. Try to turn the experience around. View it as an opportunity: a fellowship to study America from within the belly of the beast. Build solidarity with people and form a sense of community. This goes for inside and outside prison.

Failures. War has not yet been rejected and outlawed as an institution to follow in the path of cannibalism and slavery. Violence is more epidemic today than ever.

Successes. In the midst of escalating violence, the nonviolent movement is growing. Today, it is more clearly a choice between "nonviolence and nonexistence" as Martin Luther King, Jr., put it twenty-five years ago. The human spirit refuses to give up.

As part of a movement to end the Vietnam War, I hope I made some small contribution. In memoirs on the Nixon administration, it was reported that President Nixon was seriously considering the use of nuclear weapons in Vietnam. It was said that a major reason Nixon did not use them was his fear of outrage by the peace movement at home and abroad. Sometimes things are averted that we don't see at the time.

In terms of preventing or averting a nuclear war, I hope too that I have made some small contribution in that direction. Still, we have much to do. On a local level, the Wao Kele O Puna rain forest lives. The kalo grows. Hale Mohalu is rising again.

My greatest hope is that perhaps I have helped a few others along the way to deepen their own commitments for peace and justice, to live more by faith and less by the fear of consequences for acting with faith. To inspire others as we have been inspired is perhaps the greatest gift to pass along. Ultimately, nonviolence must be tested in the laboratory of social action, in the waters and the currents of the social struggles. We can't just float on the surface. It is down in the main currents of the society where nonviolence is tested, lived, and learned.

AN EVOLUTION OF VIEWS

Robert Aitken

THE ROOTS OF PEACE

I was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania on June 19, 1917, and moved to Honolulu with my family when I was five years old. This has been my home ever since, though I lived elsewhere for extended periods during the 1940s and 1950s. I attended public schools except for a two-year stint at Punahou, and entered the University of Hawaii in the fall of 1935.

Like all other freshmen boys, I took part in the ROTC program-quite enthusiastically as I recall. I was well conditioned for this enthusiasm. My grandmother, who shared responsibility for raising me, was very proud of the fact that her father had been a captain in the Civil War and had distinguished himself. My uncle was a Marine in World War I and was a family hero. Grandmother's library included several volumes of U.S. Signal Corps photographs of World War I, filled with gruesome battlefield scenes that I pored over with morbid curiosity as a child.

My father volunteered for service in World War I, but he failed the physical examination. He regretted this very much, and in later life he was able to meet the requirements for becoming a reserve officer. In 1941, at the age of fifty-one, he was commissioned second lieutenant in the Army and served in the Office of Strategic Services (OSS) in Burma, retiring at the end of the war as a lieutenant colonel.

He was a very literal patriot, and when I was a child this occasionally caused me some discomfort. I remember cringing

in the back seat when he would stop at a service station just after dark and advise the proprietor to take down the American flag, since the flag is not supposed to fly after sunset. I knew his behavior was unreasonable, but I could not find words to frame my objection. Perhaps my present global views have roots in those early, inarticulate doubts.

My first exposure to the peace movement came in the spring of 1936, when a few students led by Sam Lindley planned an antiwar rally on campus for Good Friday. Colonel Perry M. Smoot, adjutant general of the Hawai'i National Guard, heard about these plans from his sons, who were ROTC officers at the University. He helped them to mount a counterdemonstration, with a promise of a beer bust at the Royal Brewery afterwards. The Smoot boys were big men on campus, and when they invited me to take part in their patriotic action, I was flattered by their attention and agreed to join them.

The day came, and our group gathered with other students in an open area where Sinclair Library now stands. We were armed with eggs and tomatoes, and when it came time for Sam to give his talk, my new friends moved forward and pelted him. I was suddenly appalled at the violence and could not take part. I stood behind a tree, tomato in hand, wondering what to do, and a professor whom I barely knew accosted me there and took me strongly to task for being a part of the violence. I knew he was right and felt very ashamed.

This was a turning point. The next year I joined the staff of *Ka Leo* (the student newspaper), and began to mingle with campus intellectuals: C. Fredrick Schutte, Ernest Silva, Norman Chung, and others. My class work went to hell, my universe expanded, and my true education began.

It became evident that the war was coming on-my father and brother both were preparing to enter active service-so in the

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summer of 1940 I took a job with the Pacific Naval Air Base Contractors and went to Midway Island for a year and thereafter to Guam for five months. Meanwhile, the war began. Looking back now, I understand how irrational this was-by running away from the war, I was running right into it. But it was not a time for rational action, at least for me.

When Guam fell, I was captured with my fellow workers and transported to Japan, where I was interned until the end of the war, a period of three years and nine months, spent mostly in the city of Kobe. This was a time of reflection and reading, since by a number of happy accidents we were well supplied with books, and, as internees, we were not required to work. Here I was introduced to Buddhism and to the possibilities of Zen Buddhist practice.

This exposure, my reading, the inevitable maturing within a context of group living, and then final violent months of the war settled me once and for all on a pacifist path. In March 1944, we were moved from downtown Kobe to the hills above, and from there we saw American B-29s raid the city and burn it completely in the spring and early summer of 1945. A trail leading to towns in the interior of the island led past our camp, and I shall never forget the sight of women and children and old men, burdened with belongings, stonily making their way along this trail to homes of relatives and friends, after their own homes were destroyed.

After the war I returned to the University of Hawai'i for a bachelor's degree in English literature and again found the fellowship of intellectual friends to be vastly stimulating. In particular, I remember long evenings of discussion with Kenji Toyama, Robert H. G. Lee, Thomas M. C. Chang, Vivian Ching, Daniel Kanemitsu, and Lisa Toishigawa. Patsy Takernoto Mink was a friend in those days, as was Jean McKillop King. Some of us formed the Hawaii Youth for Democracy, which sponsored

forums on topics of the day, particularly the burgeoning labor movement. We were attacked in the press and investigated by various intelligence agencies. This became a seasoning process.

Mary Laune and I were married during the last semester of my senior year, in 1947. After graduation, we went to Berkeley, where I spent an intensive semester in Japanese language. I made contact with the Zen Buddhist monk Nyogen Sensaki in Los Angeles, and we moved there for a few months to study with him, living with Mary and Walter Lindauer, friends we had known in Honolulu.

Mary Lindauer was a daughter of the Hyun family, whose father had been part of the nationalist movement in Korea during World War I and who had lived as an exile on the island of Kaua'i with his family thereafter. Both Mary and Walt were Quakers, but her brothers and sister held much more radical social views, and our interchange helped me to sort out my own understanding of the various options within the general field of socialism.

AN INTRODUCTION TO ZEN

Returning to Honolulu, I worked for a year as executive secretary of the Mo'ili'ili Community Association and reentered the University as a part-time graduate student. After receiving a master's degree in Japanese literature in 1950, I left for Japan for further study, with a Honolulu Community Chest scholarship. I spent five months at Tokyo University as an unclassified student in literature, and then seven months at Ryutaku-ji, a Zen Buddhist temple south of Tokyo where I practiced *zazen* (the focused meditation of Zen Buddhism). This was a very precious time, because I worked with a stimulating teacher, Nakagawa Soen Roshi, who was himself a poet and (rare in Japanese culture at the time) a peacemaker, at least in his views.

Returning to Honolulu, I took up community association

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work again, this time at Wahiaw, where I worked from 1951 to 1953 as executive secretary of the Wahiawa Community Association. Our marriage did not survive the strains of my absence from my wife and little son while I was in Japan, and in 1953, I went alone to southern California, this time for a longer stay, without any particular career purpose in mind. I resumed study with Senzaki and again lived with the Lindauers, joining their peacemaking work with the American Friends Service Committee in Pasadena. I worked at various jobs, in bookstores, in a juvenile hall, and finally as a teacher at the Happy Valley School in Ojai, where I met Anne Hopkins, who became my wife a year and a half later.

Anne and I went to Japan for our honeymoon in 1957, and on the way through Honolulu stopped by to see my son Tom, who was by then seven years old. It was clear that he needed his dad nearby, so the following year we moved back to Hawai'i where we have been ever since.

At first we set up a bookstore, with specialties in Buddhism and Hawaiiiana, but then statehood wiped out my mainland sources of books about Hawai'i-dealers were finding it more profitable to sell at retail. We closed our store and continued for a while with a mail order business out of our home. We kept a list of Buddhist customers, and when we got the approval of our teacher, Nakagawa Roshi, to establish a little meditation group, it was to this list that we sent notices of our organizational meeting. Two people came to that first meeting, in October 1959-the beginning of the Diamond Sangha, the Zen Buddhist society which has been a central part of our lives for many years.

In 1961, we moved to the present location of the Koko An Zendo of the Diamond Sangha in Manoa Valley, where various teachers from Japan visited for retreats, and where we held regular weekly meetings. Anne and I spent the winter of 1961-62 in Japan, and on our return I took a position with Marion

Saunders at the East-West Center, where I worked in various capacities for the next few years. Finally I left the Center, worked for a year with Tom Chang in the Upward Bound program in the Youth Development Center of the University, then taught for a year at Kapi'olani Community College before retiring completely and devoting myself to Zen work in 1969.

This was, of course, a decade of resistance to nuclear weaponry and to the Vietnam War. Anne and I took part in demonstrations and in draft counseling throughout those years, beginning with a Mother's Day March in 1962, from the University to Ala Moana Park, led by John and Marion Kelly. Many demonstrations followed, notably the march around O'ahu led by Jim Albertini and John Witeck in 1971. The Hickam Three trials came the next year, and the acquaintance I had cultivated with Jim Douglass during the Bachman Hall sit-ins in 1968 deepened to a lifetime friendship.

In 1969, Anne and I moved to Maui and established the Maui Zendo, maintaining the Koko An Zendo at long distance as a second center for Zen practice. This was a time of service to the many young people who were seeking a new age in the subtropics. It was double-time work, for we had as many as sixteen people living with us at any one time.

We maintained our peace work contacts, and in 1976 I took part in the Continental Walk, a counter-bicentennial demonstration sponsored by the War Resisters League and other groups. I joined the walkers near the border between New Mexico and Texas and hiked with them across the Texas Panhandle and on to Oklahoma City. This was an exercise in peacemaking within the small group of walkers as well as with the people we met, for we were a diverse group and could barely hold together. I learned many useful exercises in community building from the young leaders involved.

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That same year, I joined Jim and Shelley Douglass and their many Ground Zero friends in Bangor, Washington, in an anti-Trident submarine demonstration, and learned the workings of the affinity group and how many such groups can cohere in large movements-in that case, involving four thousand marchers. It was out of this experience, and similar experiences of my students Nelson Foster and Stephen Gockley, that we formed the Buddhist Peace Fellowship. This organization, which had its inception at our home on Maui, is now a national organization functioning under the umbrella of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, with a quarterly journal and approximately fifteen chapters across the country.

On that same trip to the Pacific Northwest, I met Larry Keil and Kay Peters, leaders of the Catholic Worker in Seattle. I stayed at their home, Pacem in Terris, and learned the life of people who work part-time to support themselves and who devote the rest of their days to the poor-in their case, feeding hundreds of people each afternoon. We have been close friends ever since, and both Larry and Kay joined the group that is now the Three Treasures Sangha in Seattle and consider themselves Buddhist, as well as Catholic, Workers.

Over the years, the demography of Maui gradually changed, and most of the young people who formed our pool of members and potential members at the Maui Zendo moved back to the mainland or to Honolulu. Ultimately in 1984, we ourselves moved back to Honolulu, living around in rented quarters as our former home in Manoa was fully occupied by Zen students. Now our organization has constructed a new Zen Center in Palolo Valley. Anne passed away in June 1994-I continue to be active in teaching.

LIVING AS RESISTANCE

In 1993, in the course of a visit to one of the centers affiliated with the Diamond Sangha located in Cordoba,

Argentina, I stopped off in Guatemala and spent ten days with a fellow Buddhist Peace Fellowship member, Joe Gorin, who had been active in the International Peace Brigades in that country. We visited Indian families in the remote countryside where fathers and husbands had been lost to assassinations. Experiencing life with these extraordinarily oppressed people and coming to understand that I and my nation are at the heart of that oppression confirmed me in my conviction that the life of resistance is the only honest life today.

In the words of Clarence Hamilton, Buddhism is "a Religion of Infinite Compassion," the phrase used as the subtitle of his book, *Buddhism*. The *zazen* practice of the Zen Buddhist brings the realization that what happens to me happens to all; what happens to all happens to me. The other is no other than myself. I view this as perennial, human truth, not anything particularly sectarian. It remains for me and my fellow Zen students to apply this experience in daily life, not only in the family and the workplace, but also in the broad arena of social concerns.

At this time, I am learning from nineteenth-century anarchist teachers and movements what perennial, human economics might be and how decentralized socialism is an option for government and economics that concurs with the Buddhist vision. It seems to me that the "base community" concept is precisely in keeping with this vision. It grows out of early anarchist ideals and was applied in the Spanish Civil War, where the term "affinity group" was probably first used. Small groups of fifteen to eighteen people gather weekly or more often, share mutual concerns, offer mutual encouragement, and establish cooperative enterprises, networking with other groups. The nation-state and acquisitive corporations are generally resisted. The base community movement is widespread in less industrialized nations and is indeed the organizational framework of liberation theology.

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I take inspiration from E. F. Schumacher's *Small Is Beautiful*, which has Buddhist roots and is widely practiced in independent agencies and organizations across the world. I am likewise inspired by the Catholic Worker, with its roots in anarchist Christianity-going its own way, beholden to no one except conscience-and "conscience," is simply "the sense we have in common."

The sense I have in common with my fellow Buddhists and my fellow peace workers generally is that the Earth and its beings are falling apart because we have allowed our structures to become too big and too impersonal. Like the old-time Wobblies, I propose creating the new within the shell of the old, with small, committed groups of friends who network with like-minded groups guided by what seems right, rather than by the destructive conventions of our society.

EVOLUTION OF NONVIOLENT PHILOSOPHY

Howard E. "Stretch" Johnson

My earliest recollection of my attitude toward violence started in grammar school. I was going to Oakwood Avenue School in Orange, New Jersey. Oakwood Avenue was located in the center of a predominately African-American neighborhood. There was no officially established ghetto, but then again, no Caucasian children went to Oakwood Avenue. Even if they lived in the neighborhood, it was already possible for white children to get special permission to go to schools out of the neighborhood. They went to Lincoln Avenue or to Park Avenue School, the two public grammar schools outside the borders of the de facto ghetto. Middle-class white children whose families could afford it went to Carteret Academy if they were boys and Miss Brearley's School if they were girls.

At Oakwood, things were okay during classes where tight discipline, instead of education, seemed to be the goal. But at lunch hour, when those who lived too far away or just didn't have lunch remained in or around the school, pandemonium reigned. I hated the lunch hour because the older fellows used to play "jail," a game in which the older fellows would circulate the school yard arresting younger boys whether or not they wanted to play. Once arrested, we were jammed into a six-by-eight-foot recess in the school wall with only one opening. If potential prisoners resisted arrest, they were roughed up and thrown into the jail, sometimes bruised, scratched, or bloodied, and held throughout the lunch hour. This happened so frequently that I started staying home during lunch.

I was physically afraid of the roughness, which I defined as

violence in later years. Violence occurs when someone attempts to impose their will on someone else. What made it worse was that the rough play became a symbol of emerging manhood. My father, who was an all-around athlete and "tough guy," encouraged me to go to school and slug it out. He was associated with the first violence that I became aware of. I must have been six or seven years old.

"Footsie," a drinking and gambling friend of my father, had gotten into a fight with my mother's father and hit him. My father went out into the street to intervene. He came back into the house with blood all over his shirt. Footsie had cut him. I later overheard some men in the barber shop where my father hung out say that Footsie was badly beaten and that my father had threatened to kill him if he ever saw him again. Footsie disappeared and was never seen in Orange again. This was the kind of violence that was common in my neighborhood. I looked on my father as a hero and role model, but I didn't have the temperament or strength to emulate his machismo.

Color prejudice among black youth was rampant. Quite often those of us who were more light colored were attacked because we were "half white." Being darker was considered more acceptable or more virile among the boys. Many of us "lighter coloreds" banded together and retaliated or initiated prejudice against darker blacks. E. Franklin Frazier discusses a church in Washington, D.C., patronized by the black bourgeoisie, which had a beige stripe on the doorpost. One had to be as light or lighter than the stripe to be accepted as a member of the congregation. The approximately preferred maximum color density was slangily called "paper-bag brown." This type of internalized color prejudice was not strange to Orange, New Jersey.

At that time, despite the norm, my pals were dark almost chocolate-brown. One was Ukeless Carter. His parents were illiterate farmers from Virginia, and I believe they were trying to

name him after the Greek hero Ulysses. Sometimes when we got into destructive teenage humor we would call him "Useless." My other pal was Reginald Duvalier, whose mother was Haitian. I always had the sneaking suspicion that my father didn't particularly care for my best friends.

My mother sided with me and defended my desire not to stay in school during the lunch hour. This limited the time devoted to the ordeal of self-defense that seemed to be the most important extracurricular activity. Things began to get so rough for me at Oakwood that my mother sent me to live across town on the northern side of Main Street where mostly white families lived. My grandmother, Lethia Johnson, my father's mother, lived on New Street, which was mainly populated by Italian and Irish families. She had always favored me of the five Johnson siblings, so the idea of changing schools, living with "Grandma," and getting exclusive, favored treatment and attention was welcomed by me. I enrolled in Park Avenue School in the sixth grade where I was the only black student.

There was another element that led to this decisive change in my life, which was never explained at the time, but through piecing together bits of information I learned that my father had been arrested, convicted, and sentenced to one year in prison shortly after my youngest sister, Shirley, was born. My mother could not take care of five children, so we older children--Winnie, Bobby, and myself--were shipped out to our grandparents; Winnie and Bobby to my mother's mother, me to my father's mother, and Wesley, my youngest brother, and Shirley, the baby, remained home with my mother. What happened there, I have no memory of, only that I rarely saw my mother.

I would say at that time, without thinking about it or verbalizing the idea, I associated violence with being manly and being black.

My grandmother's neighborhood presented new problems,

however. Most of the neighbors were Italian, Irish, or of other European descent. I found it difficult to make friends in the block. The one group that seemed to be the most cohesive was all Italian, headed by "the block tough." One day the tough and the rest of the gang were trying to sodomize this guy behind a billboard in the block. The guy screamed "Tony, Tony!!" and Tony "Two-ton" Galento (the popular Orange heavyweight contender, who was later to get his lumps from the "Brown Bomber" Joe Louis) came running out, rescued him, chased the gang, and beat the "bejesus" out of "the tough," putting an abrupt halt to this crude venture into nontraditional sex.

Despite my isolation, I was put off by this violence in the streets and felt no desire to affiliate with this gang. These incidents were the clearest memories of my youth, of violence on an individual scale.

One other memory was vivid. When I was about eight years old--that was in 1923--I heard shouts and pounding footsteps coming down Central Avenue in the direction of Orange Park. It was a white mob chasing a black man. I caught a glimpse of his fear-stricken face, which was ashen from a combination of fright and exhaustion. They must have chased him for blocks, like a bunch of bloodhounds after an escaped slave. It was twilight as they ran into the park. Later, we heard the black man had been lynched.

Nineteen twenty-three was the year that Indianapolis cut off further entry of blacks who were moving north to work in the burgeoning auto industry. The Ku Klux Klan was very powerful in Indiana at that time. The Klan made it impossible for European immigrants and Afro-Americans to work in the factories that had made Indianapolis the capital of the midwestern auto industry. Because of this, auto makers moved north to Detroit where there was a greater supply of cheap labor and in time it became known as the motor capital of the world, "Motown."

Here is a classic illustration of the impact of racism on the development of American industry. If there is any doubt as to the influence of the Klan then, check the newspaper reports of the Klan's role at the 1924 Democratic Party National Convention. More than one-third of the delegates were Klan members, instrumental in guaranteeing the defeat of Catholic Al Smith's candidacy for president. During this period, the newspapers carried stories of lynchings at least once a week. From 1920 to 1935 there was an average of three to four hundred lynchings per year, a savagery unchallenged by any responsible national agency. The anxiety level in the black community during those years was very high. We felt most uncomfortable going into white neighborhoods. Many domestic workers were picked up and delivered to and from work by their employers.

Later, in my teens when I had reached high school, I noticed two of my best friends, Joseph Cohen and Elvin Taylor, both of whom were white and whom I had gotten to know at Park Avenue School, stopped inviting me to their houses where we had done homework together. It was only many years later that I discovered, in the course of comparing notes on race relations with Afro-American friends, that puberty was the crash point for interracial activity among teenagers. The possibility of interracial sex was a most powerful trigger for white fear of constructive race relations. It was also a most important ingredient of the Klan's appeal to violence. "Preserve the purity of the white race!" So, while I had many white pals in grammar school and in the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades, they all faded away when we entered our freshman year at high school.

My most vivid violence-connected high school memory had to do with my promotion to the varsity football team. At our first practice session when the new members were on defense, the starting center, a tough Polish kid named Al, banged me in the nose, drawing blood. He said to me, "Watch it, nigger!" I was so dumbstruck that I didn't know what to do. Was this what

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went on all the time? I talked to the other two black members of the team, Reginald Duvalier, who played right guard, and Willie Clemons, our right end. I was right tackle. We decided we were going to get even by making the right side of the line impenetrable. We supported each other, working as an indivisible trio. We called ourselves "the Black Phalanx." Every chance we got we hit Al and made his life miserable. I suppose this could have been called retaliatory violence.

At the same time that I was attempting to deal with the racism on the football team, our family moved to a new neighborhood outside the ghetto. My mother, who had both religious and social ambitions, transferred us to a new church, the Church of the Epiphany. It was Episcopal Catholic with a largely black, petty bourgeois congregation, which also meant that the majority of its members were light colored (remember Washington D.C.'s "paper-bag brown" criterion).

I soon became an acolyte, read the psalms at Sunday night services, and had the feeling my mother had gotten our minister, Reverend George Plaskett, to pay attention to me as a possible candidate for the ministry. The conflicting perspectives of my parents were being played out among the children. This was highlighted when my sister, Winnie, was hired to dance at the Cotton Club, a famous Harlem showplace. It was the middle of the depression, my father was a porter at the Embassy Theater with a low salary, so the family moved to New York to be near the Cotton Club. My possible future as a minister was shot to hell by the lure of show business. It was not even thought of as a problem.

The Cotton Club was controlled by gangsters. When I escorted my sister Winnie to the club sometimes I got the opportunity to hear tales of how they used violence to maintain their power in New York City. Sometimes I saw it put into effect with recalcitrant customers or employees. I happened to be at the club the night Lena Horne's father objected to an

incident involving one of the gangsters and Lena. He was beaten up severely, thrown out, and never showed up again. We hated this kind of violence, but were helpless to do anything about it. The Cotton Club offered the best wages available for us in the depression. Seventy-five percent of black males could not find employment, city marshals were putting people's furniture out on the street for nonpayment of rent, and men and women set up shacks along the New York Central railroad tracks alongside the Hudson River when they could not afford housing. We called them Hooverilles after the president most associated with the depression, Herbert Hoover. In Brazil, they're called *favelas*.

These conditions were more threatening to us than the gangsters who controlled the Cotton Club, so we chose to accept the work at the Cotton Club rather than face life on the streets. In fact, we were happy to get work at the Club. I became one of the first chorus boys in the 1934 show, "Ill Wind," and my father became a waiter, so we had three salaries coming in at a time when poverty was the lot of most of our friends.

It soon became apparent that these gangsters had the approval of the top layers of American society. They sat down and wined and dined with governors, mayors, and the cream of the social register. I saw Barbara Hutton, Sophie Tucker, Al Jolson, Harry Richman, Paul Whiteman, Jimmy and Woolworth Donahue, the five and dime store heirs, and many other celebrities. One did not even think about whether one wanted to work in such conditions. We thought it was glamorous to work at the club. In fact, when we finished our show at the club, we went out for our own entertainment and were treated like celebrities ourselves in the black-owned clubs that we patronized in Harlem, simply because we worked at the Cotton Club.

After the experience in high school and then coming into contact with the people that controlled the Cotton Club, I associated violence with being white.

In 1935, however, conditions in Harlem became so bad that any incident could have been the spark for a social explosion in the community. That is exactly what happened on March 19, 1935. A boy was beaten by a policeman after being accosted for shoplifting in Woolworths on 125th Street. The saying in Harlem goes, "If you want a riot, beat a kid or a black woman!" The word soon spread that the boy had been killed. Within minutes swarms of people descended on 125th Street to see what happened. The police attempted to control the crowds, pushing and shoving developed, and within an hour groups of young men started smashing windows, police started clubbing, crowds fought back, the police were overwhelmed, and looting of stores began. Soon, the riot had spread from 116th Street up to 145th Street, from Fifth to Eighth Avenue.

The downtown press called it a race riot. Fiorello LaGuardia, the mayor of New York at that time, and a progressive, went along with that viewpoint and called on whites to stay out of Harlem. This ended what had been a booming tourist industry for the nightclubs of Harlem. The Cotton Club shut down its uptown operation at 142nd and Lenox Avenue in the summer of 1936. It reopened at 48th Street and Broadway in 1937. However, whites who knew Harlem and wanted to keep up with the pace-setting trends in jazz, dance, and entertainment continued to come to Harlem in spite of the mayor's uninformed mandate

For me, the Harlem riot was misnamed. It was neither an antiwhite riot, nor a "race riot" as the establishment press shouted. It was a massive protest against super-exploitation-high prices, unemployment, low wages when there was work, high rents, segregation, and job discrimination. It simply happened that the landlords who established the rents, the shopkeepers who set the prices, the employers who determined who should work, and the realtors who determined what neighborhoods people should live in or not live in-were white.

The events in Harlem were a part of national protest, demonstrations, marches, sit-down strikes, mass rallies, and picketing that led to the entire gamut of social reform called the New Deal. I saw that what could be called violence was primarily the intervention of the police force. They had the arms and the clubs. They did the shooting.

The events in Harlem also caused my way of thinking to go in a more radical direction. I saw the Communist party of Harlem active in the streets, organizing demonstrations, initiating coalitions and other movements in behalf of the community's welfare. I joined the Communist party in January 1938. I was recognized as leadership material and sent to a National Training School where I received a thorough indoctrination on the policies of the Communist party, including its views on the strategies and tactics of revolution on an international scale. We proceeded through Marx's concept of social revolution, being necessarily violent, because the history of all previous social revolutions showed that no ruling class gave up its power voluntarily or peacefully. We studied the peasant revolts of the seventeenth century-the Levelers, the Anabaptists, and the theocratic communalism of Thomas Munzer. I was impressed with the way the Communists had studied American revolutionary history in depth. Earl Browder had coined the slogan "Communism Is Twentieth-Century Americanism."

We learned about Thomas Paine, Samuel Adams, William Lloyd Garrison, the civil disobedience themes of Henry David Thoreau, Frederick Douglass, Sojourner Truth, Nat Turner, Denmark Vesey, Wendell Phillips, Thaddeus Stevens, Daniel De Leon, Eugene Debs, Lucretia Mott, Emma Goldman, W. E. B. Dubois, Charles Russell, John Reed, Big Bill Haywood, Charles Steinmetz, the electrical wizard-the myriad Americans who had taken revolutionary stances but who were unknowns in our standard history books. Whether they advocated violence or nonviolence was not a major issue in our studies. My key

interest was whether they contributed to the social changes responsible for making America the great nation that it is. Malcolm X's methodology was anticipated in my approach to the study of our history-by whatever means was necessary. In all my studies, none of them represented the viewpoint of "violence for violence's sake" as did the establishment forces and the political police of the Justice Department declared from Haymarket, through the Palmer Raids, to the McCarthyist witchhunts of the 1950s.

At the National Training School, we paid particular attention to Marx's view that the United States differed from Europe because of the absence of an entrenched feudal class and a stronger democratic tradition and constitution, and therefore had the possibility of a peaceful transition to socialism. However, we did devote more time to Lenin and his concepts of revolution, the role of the state, and the role of the party of socialism. Making the heaviest impressions on me were his theses that the ruling class did not give up power peacefully, that the class struggle was a war, and therefore, the Communist party must be a semi-military organization, the "general staff of the working class" (self-appointed), and that no successful revolution could be developed without the seasoned leadership of professional revolutionaries who devoted their full time to the revolution.

But, as I became a leading force in the Communist party (my assignment was to do youth work in Harlem as organizer of the Young Communist League of Harlem), my orientation was in fact a nonviolent one. In order to influence non-Communist youth, we had to find methods that would attract rather than repel them. My first major activity was getting Harlem youth to participate in a World Youth Congress that was scheduled to be held at Vassar College in Poughkeepsie, New York, in the summer of 1938. We had organized the Harlem Youth Congress, which was affiliated with the American Youth Congress. We were able to form a coalition of youth

organizations that embraced the Young Republicans, the Catholic Youth Organization, the Epworth League, the Baptist Young Peoples Union, the YWCA, the YMCA Modern Trend Club, the Fur Floor Boys, and the National Maritime Union Youth Club, as well as the warlords of some street gangs. Our chief activities were collecting signatures on petitions against war, having demonstrations against Jim Crow in major league baseball, and demonstrating for jobs in the transportation, hotel, electric, garment, distribution, and entertainment industries of New York City.

We had two Communist members of the New York City Council who played an influential role in bringing these issues before the public, Peter Cacchione and Benjamin J. Davis, Jr. We brought great pressure to bear on the three major league teams in New York-the Yankees, the Giants, and the Brooklyn Dodgers. I would guess that the Brooklyn Dodgers were the first to hire a black baseball player, Jackie Robinson, because our city councilman from Brooklyn had the support of the largest county organization of the Communist party in the city and could bring the most pressure to bear. With Paul Robeson, Cacchione and the leftists were able to arrange a meeting with the baseball club' owners. Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the commissioner of baseball, declared at that time there was nothing in the rules of the sport that prevented the owners from hiring black ballplayers. I was in the Army at the time and regretted not being around for that historic meeting.

Those campaigns accelerated after the United States entered World War II. The contradiction between our democratic professions and slogans directed against the fascist Axis of Germany, Italy, and Japan did not jibe with the racism and American apartheid system that dominated American life. A. Philip Randolph and the *Pittsburgh Courier* launched the "Double-V" campaign-victory over Hitlerism abroad and at home. As the war progressed, the Roosevelt administration was unresponsive to our demands.

In New York City, the Coordinating Committee for jobs was set up under the able leadership of Reverend Adam Clayton Powell. When the transportation industry refused to hire black bus drivers, we began to demonstrate with increasing vigor, even to the point of supporting youth gangs who stoned the buses as they came into Harlem. In this instance, violence was effective, because soon after, the Transport Workers Union and the Transit Board worked out an agreement to train and hire blacks on the transit lines, subways, and buses. But nationally, there was little movement elsewhere. Finally, Randolph called for a March on Washington to protest segregation in the armed forces, job discrimination in the war industry, and the lynching of black troops in the South. Then, and only then, did Roosevelt agree to issue the executive order for Fair Employment Practices, in return for which Randolph agreed to call off the March on Washington. In all of this, violence was not on the agenda. In fact, the Communist party opposed the March on Washington because they considered it disruptive to the war effort. Earl Browder, the general secretary of the CPUSA, put forward the view that blacks had determined for themselves that integration was the path they wanted to follow in the United States, and therefore there was no need for an independent struggle of what was called Negro rights during the war. This view was primarily motivated by a simplistic and reductionist concept of the need for unity behind the war effort. This position did a lot of damage to the Communist influence in Harlem, despite our activity on other issues.

The next major period in which my outlook on violence was further crystallized occurred during the Smith Act trials of the national committee members of the Communist party. Because of my function as the educational director of the New York State organization (the largest state group of Communists in the United States, comprising more than half of the membership of the CPUSA), I was chosen to testify as an expert witness on the teaching of Marxist theory in the party schools. I

was responsible for curricula, discussion outlines, teacher training, leaflets, radio broadcasts, party cadre schools, and also the work of Marxists who belonged to the party in the Jefferson School of Social Science. The Jefferson School had a student body of some ten thousand New Yorkers, many of whom were not members of the Communist party. Government witnesses had testified that the party schools were simply the occasion for training the party membership in methods of overthrowing the government by force and violence. I was able to testify quite truthfully that such was not the case.

In fact, we had a number of expulsions of members who opposed the line of the party to build mass democratic movements. Their understanding of social action was, limited to the view that any type of peaceful transition to socialism in the United States was a form of opportunism creating illusions among the workers. Some of those expelled had been the students of a brilliant but doctrinaire Marxist, named Joseph Prensky, who considered the party organization to be revisionist in respect to Lenin's teachings. He had organized his own study groups of party people in opposition to the party schools and classes. During the trial, the judge and prosecuting attorneys objected whenever testimony suggested that the government's case was a distortion of the party's position. The defense lost their case, and the national committee members were all convicted, not of advocating force and violence, because there was no hard evidence that anything had happened at any time. Their conviction was based on the idea that the Communist leadership had "conspired" to advocate the overthrow of the government of the United States through secret meetings and schools such as those organized under my leadership in New York State.

In that same period, the American Legion violently broke up a meeting of the Peekskill NAACP at which Paul Robeson was scheduled to speak. We had a major discussion in the New York leadership on how to react. At my and Walter Garland's

suggestion, we decided to organize a Robeson concert in Peekskill—a demonstration in which some Americans opposed the attempt to silence Robeson, who had spoken out forcefully against the Cold War in Paris on April 20, 1949. A successful concert was held on August 27, 1949, with over twenty-five thousand attending in Cortland, New York, just outside of Peekskill because there was no hall or outdoor arena in Peekskill that could hold such a crowd. When the concert ended, the state troopers forced the departing audience into a narrow passage where a gauntlet of jeering Legionnaires, Ku Klux Klan members, and hoodlums with bats, stones, and other weapons attacked the departing Robeson audience.

We had a heated discussion that revolved around the subject of whether we should arrange a stronger protection of the concert than the group of bodyguards mustered from the ranks of the labor movement in the city. The overwhelming majority rejected the proposals that we should take weapons into the stronghold of racism that Peekskill represented at that time. This was the most outstanding example of the party's basically nonviolent position. I did believe then that a peaceful transition to socialism in the United States was possible given a successful convincing of a majority of the American people that capitalism was not the answer. I also believed that some sections of the ruling class would use violence to resist a move to socialism but that resistance would not last long if the majority of the population was organized. I believed that social violence used by the majority of the population to defend democracy was positive, and I opposed those pacifists who objected to serving in the armed forces during World War II.

By now, I saw violence as a method by which the ruling classes maintained their power and the struggle of the oppressed, however violent, as a legitimate method of ending the violence of class rule.

Years later, I was to have some hot arguments with my

nephew, Donald Lambright. He was the son of my sister, Winnie, and the movie actor Stepin Fetchit, and was a student at Lincoln University, a member of a Marxist study group on campus, and also a member of the Black Panthers in Philadelphia. He had used me as a mentor for some period of time but as his philosophy developed, I sensed an increasing antagonism toward me as we discussed the roles of Malcolm X and Martin Luther King, Jr. He and his colleagues felt that Dr. King was a compromiser and that the effort to effect change in the South particularly was illusory. He had come to know Stokely Carmichael and supported Stokely's attitude toward whites in SNCC (the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee); that is, they should be eliminated as participants. Stokely also had a not-so-subtle anti-Semitic edge to this expulsion of the whites because most of them were New York Jews. This group had always been a major source of relative support to the black movement and the strongest nonblack component of the civil rights movement nationally. I thought this act of Stokely's was the principal reason for the breakup of the civil rights leadership conference or at least for its organic weakening. Donald did not voice Stokely's anti-Semitism; his three cousins, my daughters, were loved by him and they were half Jewish. But he laughingly and uncritically reported his group's characterization of Martin Luther King, Jr., as "Martin Luther Queen" because of his advocacy of nonviolence in the movement, I pointed out to him that this was part of a three-sided attack on King. J. Edgar Hoover and the FBI were calling King, "Martin Luther Kong," and the Ku Klux Klan was calling King, "Martin Luther Koon."

Subsequently, Donald got involved in a situation which, to me, looked like a set-up. He was supposed to travel from St. Louis to Philadelphia with his wife, Ann, to perform some duties for the movement. Before they reached Philadelphia, Donald and Ann were both killed by Pennsylvania State Troopers on the turnpike for allegedly shooting at passing motorists from their car. Their faces were practically blown off. This took place in

April 1969, the same year that CointelPro organized the assassinations of black militants throughout the nation. I believe that this was part of an overall plan that was carried out nationwide against black militants. More than half the members of the study group at Lincoln have disappeared or left the movement. When the FBI files at Media, Pennsylvania (the FBI office which includes Lincoln University in its jurisdiction) were seized and made public by a radical group, I looked for any evidence of FBI activity on the Lincoln campus and was not surprised when the major FBI informant, as revealed in the FBI files, turned out to be Donald Cheek, dean of students. He was reporting on the Marxist study group and any other student activity on campus. His brother, James Cheek, former president of Howard University, was forced from the presidency because of his conservative, authoritarian rule of Howard University, including his appointment of Lee Atwater to his board of trustees. The student movement at Howard forced Atwater to resign as well. Whatever attitude the well-intentioned militants may have had, my experience has been that the establishment is far more violent, brutal, and merciless in the use of force than any militants have ever been. Whether one is in or out of power, violence is not the way to deal with a situation, even on the most pragmatic grounds.

Here, I was learning that violence could be a method of provoking oppressed groups into actions that would justify ruling-class violence

The most important consciousness-raising experience for me regarding violence occurred when I attended workshops organized in Philadelphia by the Movement for a New Society in 1976. MNS was headed by a highly intelligent, courageous, creative, and well-organized group of Quakers and pacifists such as George and Brigitte Lakey, Lynn Shivers, and George Willoughby. They were using Gandhian theories and techniques of nonviolence to give direction and perspective to their organizing work in the Philadelphia community. Over time, I

met the organizers of the group formed by John Africa in Philadelphia called MOVE. They were acquainted with my background and asked me to be a consultant. The MNS people were trying with great difficulty to get some sort of coalition activity generated with them, but the leaders of MOVE were so extreme in their views and their practice that all the consulting I did had little impact on their outlook. They were certainly not trying too hard to be nonviolent, as they carried loaded weapons in their fortresslike stronghold in West Philadelphia and were prepared to use them if necessary. Their frequent confrontations with Mayor Francis L. Rizzo's police were often bloody and most of their members spent a great deal of their time in prison. But their philosophy-basically a back to nature, healthy living, communal approach-represented an idealism that would be much better for ghetto youth than the epidemic of crack addiction now sweeping disadvantaged communities throughout the nation.

However, MOVE was a prime example of how a violent solution to social problems just could not work, regardless of the idealistic motivation.

On the other hand, in its workshops, MNS offered me an in-depth appreciation of nonviolent philosophy as developed by Gandhi, using as the main texts Joan Bondurant's *Conquest of Violence* and Gene Sharp's *The Politics of Nonviolent Action*. Sharp's research proved that most of the social progress in the United States in its two hundred-year-old history came about through nonviolent actions. I had always understood that America had changed only through violence.

Social violence has been a positive force under specific conditions in history, contrary to the objections of fundamentalist pacifism. Gandhi's attitude toward positive violence was expressed quite clearly in his essay "The Doctrine of the Sword" (*Collected Works*, 1920:132). He wrote:

I do believe that where there is only a choice between

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cowardice and violence, I would advise violence . . . I would rather have India resort to arms to defend her honour than that she should in a cowardly manner become or remain a helpless witness to her own dishonour. But I believe that non-violence is infinitely superior to violence, forgiveness is more manly than punishment.

Martin Luther King, Jr., took a similar position to that of Gandhi in *Stride Toward Freedom* (1958:81):

It must be emphasized that nonviolent resistance is not a method for cowards; it does resist. If one uses this method because he is afraid or merely because he lacks the instruments of violence, he is not truly nonviolent. This is why Gandhi often said that if cowardice is the only alternative to violence, it is better to fight. He made this statement conscious of the fact that there is always another alternative: no individual or group need to submit to any wrong, nor need they use violence to right that wrong; there is the way of nonviolent resistance. This is ultimately the way of the strong man.

Living in Hawai'i from 1986 to 1990, I succeeded in helping to organize a multiethnic, multiclass coalition to establish the birthday of Martin Luther King, Jr., as a state holiday. I am hopeful that it will continue as a force for economic freedom and social justice.

My experience convinces me that the nonviolent way of Gandhi, Martin Luther King, Jr., and Thoreau is the right way.

All in all, I would conclude that my experience in the development of a nonviolent philosophy has been an extremely rigorous adventure.

It continues.

INSIGHT

Iraja Sivadas

I am not going to tell you who I am for I cannot tell you what I do not know. I can share with you some of my experiences concerning violence and nonviolence. Because these experiences have been meaningful to me, I have tried to create pictures with words. Although I do not believe words can really express spiritual thoughts or experiences, with these words you can create your own experiences. Of course, you will not be able to escape my interpretations.

I consider knowledge completely unrelated to learning. As for knowledge, the only thing I know is that I know nothing, though I have learned many things. Unfortunately, this bit of knowledge tends to escape me from time to time, though my studies and experiences have not brought knowledge, they have fostered some strong beliefs.

My birth name was William Shepard Watkins, and this time around, I was born on August 6, 1950, at 11:14 A.M. in Stanford Hospital, Palo Alto, California. After moving to Kaua'i I converted to Hinduism and was given the name Iraja Sivadas by my spiritual master Sivaya Subramuniaswami. Since moving to Hawai'i, I have focused more on spiritual study than I have in the past, but that is another story. During this life I have spent an inordinate amount of time devoted to the study and teaching of mathematics and the study of the self.

EARLY THOUGHTS

When I was three years old, I was sitting on a board that was lying on the ground in my father's utility yard in Santa Cruz,

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California. The utility yard was a fenced-in part of the backyard that had all sorts of interesting stuff-mostly gardening equipment-and also some of my mother's mosaics and cement quails. There always seemed to be an abundance of tools about, and on this day there was a hammer nearby, so I started to bang on the board with it. I noticed some ants on the board, so I started to crush them with the hammer. This game proceeded for a little bit, until I stopped and really looked at what I was doing. It was almost as if my sight became magnified as I looked at the crushed ants. Suddenly, I could not distinguish the life in the ants from the life in myself. The enormity of what I had done lay smeared across the board. I had taken the life from these ants, the same as my life, and I did not know how to replace it. I began to grieve deeply, so I cried and cried.

My parents, both of whom were outside the utility yard when this happened, ran in. They saw the hammer I had been playing with and put two and two together and got the logical four. Not realizing that this was an emotional experience, they proceed to turn me all around, inspect every nook and cranny to determine where I had done the damage. I had not yet started to talk, but I do remember that I understood them. The more they asked me where I was hurt, the more frustrated I became, for even if I could talk, I would not be able to explain to them what had happened. From that experience I realized three things: the importance of all life; the fact that there is no difference in the life energy that flows through any living thing; and the fact that I could not express this deep feeling to the ones I loved most. I have held a deep respect for all life since that experience in my father's utility yard.

THE FIGHT

Every time I got hit, I felt a burning fire instead of pain. I was so angry that neither the burning nor the blows bothered me. All I wanted was to inflict damage. My face must have looked like Mugsy's-all winced up, thwarting impending blows. Like

two windmills under mutual attraction we threw haymakers until out of desperation, for neither of us seemed to kill or even sufficiently hurt each other, we grabbed and held. To the ground we went. Nothing but dirt and shoelaces and warm blood. Mugsy had me in a headlock, pressed against his shirt. All I could do was stare at his belt. To my satisfaction, I saw that my nose was bleeding on his shirt. Boy was his mother going to be mad!

This was my first real fight of this lifetime. That fight was more than thirty years ago and to date, it has been the only physical fight I have been in. Of course Mugsy and I became best of friends. But still the memory of that fight and its total uselessness has lingered on. Since then I have used reason as a tool to extricate myself from these situations. From about eight to thirteen, I found that I had a true "sissy" quality in that I did not like torturing salamanders, frogs, and any other unfortunate creatures who found themselves in the hands of my friends. Sometimes I went against these beliefs and feelings. An example is duck hunting with my father.

I think the closest, most intimate times I have had with my father were freezing together out in a duck blind as the sun came up. I placated my feelings by always remembering that I ate what I hunted. We would pluck the ducks, gut them, and immerse them in hot wax. The last process was effective for removing the-last of the feathers. The ducks were then frozen in milk cartons filled with water. Occasionally I would wound a duck and I would have to kill it, usually by banging its head against the concrete blind. I distinctly remember one mallard; even though it was dizzy from the blows and its head was wobbling, it still stared at me, its executioner, in the most loving, confused, and resigned way. What was staring at me was not just a duck, but the true violence of an animal-based diet. Even so, it took another fifteen years before I became a complete lacto-vegetarian.

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I had two tours of duty in Vietnam, from October 1970 to May 1971 and from October 1971 to May 1972. I was a sailor aboard the USS *Haleakala*, AE-25 off the coast of North Vietnam. This was an ammunition ship and our job was to supply the destroyers that were shelling the beach and the carriers whose jets were bombing inland.

I had protested against the Vietnam War before I went. The draft was coming close but, like everyone, I had at least four other choices: leave my country, go to prison, declare myself a conscientious objector, or join another branch of the armed forces and stay out of Vietnam. I would never consider running away to another country for I have always been proud of this country and to leave it would be like leaving my family because of a disagreement. I didn't have the guts to go to prison, and to declare what I truly am, a conscientious objector, would have embarrassed my family more than I could afford. So I joined the Navy. When I first learned that I was shipping out to Vietnam, I accepted it as another of the divine jokes that so often came my way and guessed I was supposed to experience both sides of war.

On board the ship, I would sit in my rack (the top bunk of three) with my head wedged between the spaces in the pipes and meditate. As others could see me, I was cause for interest for the first few weeks, but eventually everyone grew used to my different habits. I had been practicing yoga since 1965 and was studying the *Discourses* by Meher Baba. I was determined that if I survived this experience I would return home and be a holy man the rest of my life.

Halfway through the second tour, we had to sail through a typhoon. We would have liked to go around it, but the bombing of the Ho Chi Min trail took precedence. We were in complete darkness for three days, and the ship heaved like a small boat.

She was loaded to the gunnels with bombs. Not only was she full below decks, but bombs were also on deck. We had

pallets of five hundred pounders, six per pallet, and one thousand pounders, three per pallet. The gunnels were packed with bombs two pallets high. I was station-to-bridge phone talker. On each side of the ship were four stations. Each station had a winch operator, and the winch operators had to work in unison to transfer the pallets. This was quite a feat since both ships were under way and swinging toward each other one moment, then away from each other the next. Working together by hand communication the winch operators transferred one pallet per station, per minute.

When we replenished a carrier, the carrier would come along our port side and we would transfer bombs from the three stations amidships and fuses from our forward station. In addition, a helicopter would pick up fins aft off the helo deck. The carrier would move all these parts down from the flight deck on elevators where fork trucks would bring them together amidships. Here they were assembled into armed bombs and then loaded onto the flight deck. It took about eight hours to load a carrier, and after about three hours the loaded jets were taking off on their bombing missions. I marveled at the synchronization. Five thousand people working together at one time for one objective is an art.

We efficiently killed hundreds of thousands of North Vietnamese and changed their country from triple-canopy rain forests into pockmarked wastelands. After the forests were gone, the rains washed the topsoil away. Its fertility stripped, the land remained sterile. In the evenings, while watching the explosions from the signal bridge, I would imagine what it would be like if we were putting that much energy, effort, and efficiency into producing love.

BANGLADESH

I had always wanted to visit India. On my second tour in Vietnam, I received permission to go on leave and travel to

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India. I had obtained a passport and visa between tours while at home, and I was looking forward to this visit near the end of the tour.

Then, one day while talking to the signal man, I learned of several strange requests. He had been requested to order a Noah's Ark pennant, a pennant that a ship flies when she is out to sea longer than forty days and forty nights. Since under normal operations we usually ran out of bombs and other ammunition after spending a couple of weeks on the line in the Tonkin Gulf, and because we spent about a week in transit both ways to the Philippines, we were rarely out over three weeks. Later, while on liberty in Olongapo City, Philippines, I overheard the quartermasters talking about ordering charts for the Indian Ocean. The quartermasters had not been successful in getting any information out of the officers about this strange request.

After the next ammunition run off North Vietnam, instead of turning back to the Philippines as usual, we sailed south toward Borneo. We then turned northwest and sailed by Singapore without stopping, just watching the lights as we passed at night. We continued through the Straits of Malacca and came out in the Indian Ocean. All leaves had been canceled, but, most interestingly, Americans were told not to visit India and American visas were canceled. It seemed ironic that all my plans had been thwarted, yet here we were in the Indian Ocean sailing to Ceylon (now Sri Lanka).

It was good to be out of the combat zone in the Tonkin Gulf because there we worked around the clock, but in the Indian Ocean we were just doing our regular jobs and watches. But humans are creatures of habit. At least in the combat zone we knew what we were doing and what our routine was. The stress level was rising because the crew had no idea where we were going or what we were getting into. Some were complaining that we wouldn't get the extra sixty dollars a month combat pay. The longer we were at sea the more uncertain our future seemed.

We were part of a small convoy of six ships: the aircraft carrier USS *Enterprise*, an oiler named the *Wichita* (the *Wichita* always played the song "The Wichita Lineman" when they were on the line), three destroyer escorts, and us. Around us, as far as could be seen in all directions, was the Soviet fleet. This uneasy situation lasted for a few days, then our convoy turned around and headed back to the Philippines. I wondered what was going on in the outside world that we didn't know about. I was not aware until months later that East Pakistan had declared independence on March 21, 1971, and had become Bangladesh. At the same time I wondered what we were doing that the outside world would never hear about. I had learned from the first tour that a lot of what happened to us was not known back home.

It was very frustrating to be so close to India and yet not be there. It seemed like I was being teased. In fact it briefly made me become cynical until I realized that it wasn't time and that this experience in itself was a good one. I then came to the conclusion that every experience is a good one, but that its goodness might not be appreciated until later. When I say every experience, I mean *every* experience, bar none. So the one belief I gained in Vietnam was that every experience is a good experience.

The first thing I did after returning from Vietnam was go to the beach. I was looking for some real sun and some real peace. I wanted to forget the last two years and be who I was before I left. After arriving at the beach I felt that the people around me, even if they watched the news every night, had no real feeling of what was going on in Southeast Asia. I knew that Americans, Vietnamese, and Cambodians were fighting and dying in the jungles and the villages right at that moment as we lay there sunning ourselves. I knew then that something in me had permanently changed. I had left the war but the war hadn't left me.

SCOTT'S LAKE

A dozen years later, I was hiking in California with some friends around Castle Lake in the Mt. Shasta area. We sat and watched Mt. Shasta while the sun went down behind our backs, slowly deepening the pink and purple hues on the mountain. The realization that I had in the South China Sea was the kernel of a new realization that was to unfold to me here.

Then, having left my friends at camp I was alone at last. I planned on hiking to Scott's Lake with compass and a topographical map. The lake is situated so that no roads are within miles. The only way to get there is to hike in, yet there seems to be no trail to it. I knew I had a good chance of finding solitude. Was I looking for peace of mind? Or myself? Was there a difference? Why was I traveling so fast? I should have taken my time and rested, but I pushed on. I did not want to be hiking back to camp in the dark. What could it have been that attracted me so much and that drew me on deeper and deeper from civilized humanity?

After some time I wondered how I could have been so off in my navigation. I should have been almost there. I rechecked the magnetic deviation. I took a sighting of a different set of peaks and got the same triangulation. By the map, the lake must have been very close, but when I looked in that direction, I saw only a small forest nestled in a steep valley between two mountains. At the edge of the woods, I stopped and took another sighting. I decided to do some math and determine how far I must be from this lake. I figured that I was within a hundred feet. I began to doubt my math, yet after six years in graduate school, studying math, I could certainly do trigonometry. Was I reading the map wrong? Did I have the mountains I was using as a reference mixed up? I decided the lake must be there and was invisible. I turned and walked a little farther and almost fell into it. What a relief! The lake was completely surrounded by trees right up to the water's edge on all sides. Dead trees had

fallen into the lake and ringed the shoreline. Since the approach is from below, the lake could not be seen. It could be seen from the mountain behind it, but it would be unlikely that anyone would approach it that way. It is truly a lake hidden. Only those who wanted to go out and find it with a map and compass would be able to.

I soaked my bandanna in the water and tied it around my neck. I stripped down, leaving my bandanna on and slid into the cool water. All around me were trees and straight up was the sky. There were no signs of human visitation, and I knew I was totally alone, yet I did not feel this way. I felt the presence of nonphysical entities.

It was a small lake, probably about two acres. In the middle of the lake I was completely alone with nature. God, why do we ever wear clothes? When we started wearing clothes, we started hiding our natural differences and creating our own differences. Violence was created the moment we thought that we were different from our surroundings. The only problem was that we tended to think we were different from everything and everyone all the time. Why did I have to leave here?

At Scott's Lake I realized that not only is every experience a good one but also we need to be thankful for each and every one, whether it appears positive or negative.

NICARAGUA

In late 1983 a group of World War II, Korean, and Vietnam veterans started a Veterans of Foreign Wars post in Santa Cruz, California. There were about thirty of us who were the original charter members. It was an interesting group of veterans because a lot of us were concerned with one question, "What is happening in Central America?" We got our charter from the National VFW in December 1983 and immediately began pursuing this question in more detail. We named the post "Bill

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Motto" after a deceased Vietnam veteran who often came to other VFW meetings wearing a button that said "El Salvador Is Spanish for Vietnam." He had been an inspiration and we were proud to be named the Bill Motto Veterans of Foreign Wars Post 5888. Two members were quite knowledgeable about Central America-Burt Muhly, a World War II veteran who had an adopted family in Nicaragua and had made more trips there than could be kept track of, and Dean Metcalf, a Marine Corps Vietnam veteran and reporter who had been with the Sandinistas in Nicaragua and who had traveled under cover with the Contras in an illegal crossing from Honduras into Nicaragua. Dean had seen many facets of the war in Nicaragua. Both men seemed to be telling the same story, even though they had seen different areas and had been in different situations.

Their stories were so different from what the media was reporting that it was difficult to determine if everyone was talking about the same country. The basic difference was that television portrayed the Contras as freedom fighters, and the Sandinista government as a communist totalitarian regime that had stolen the power from the people. Dean and Burt painted the picture that the Sandinista government was the first democratic government Nicaragua had ever had, and that it had true popular support, and that the Contras were a group of outlaws using guerrilla warfare on village peoples to develop fear and economic instability. I became more and more curious about the truth and decided to travel there myself to get some firsthand knowledge.

I went to Nicaragua with Abbie Hoffman, Betty Friedan, and a group made up mostly of New York journalists. I met the group in Miami where we caught a plane to Managua in December 1984 when one could still fly directly from the United States to Nicaragua.

Here is a one-day experience that happened to me in Nicaragua. We had lunch with the military commandant of Leon

Province. After lunch he, an aide, and his driver drove off, went over a mine, and all were killed. I did not find out until later that evening. That same day we passed through Matagalpa, where there was a massacre of a wedding party by Contras. Only the bride remained of the two families. I remember her sitting on the steps that fronted a side street. Her gown was slightly bloodied, but in general she was still a vision of loveliness and formality. Her gown held her up. She contrasted with some ladies in darker clothes trying to console her. The browns, blacks, and stark white were worthy of a Degas. She sat in a daze, wearing one shoe. In the middle of the street was the other shoe lying on its side, still perfectly white, yet unattended and forgotten. My focus became attached to the shoe. This shoe became the symbol for me of what might have been but was not. The picture of that shoe will always remain. There was no time for discussion. There was nothing to discuss.

The fact-finding mission was only part of the reason I had gone to Nicaragua. I was also there to present to the president-elect of Nicaragua, Daniel Ortega, a resolution from my Veterans of Foreign Wars Post 5888. It stated:

BE IT RESOLVED that we (Bill Motto VFW Post 5888) will sponsor and encourage among its members and in the community, a free and open exchange of information and opinions concerning administration policy in Central America; and,

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that we (Bill Motto VFW Post 5888) support a policy of self-determination and non-intervention in Central America; and see current administration policy as escalating, rather than resolving, such conflicts.

This resolution was on my mind a lot. I remember sitting in a bus in Corinto after viewing the remains of oil tanks that the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency had successfully destroyed in a surprise attack from the sea. I was looking at the resolution wondering what people in the United States, and especially my

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parents, would think about my actions. My parents were not even aware that I was outside the country. It was clear that the truth of what was happening in Nicaragua was not making it to the American people.

I was worried about the outcome of presenting this resolution to the president-elect Ortega, for I knew that the National VFW's position was for voluntary support of the Contras, and that there would probably be a lot of attention drawn to one VFW post stepping out of ranks to take this position on foreign policy. I was also worried about what my friends and family would say and feel toward me. But most of all I felt very lonely knowing that the steps I was taking would be irreversible in the course of my life; even though I totally believed what this resolution said, I was worried what the reaction would be. I am not a Communist and have never been one. But I have learned how twisted the truth can become and, therefore, was concerned about the interpretation of my actions. Even though I have felt truly proud of what this country stands for, I thought my action might be construed to be unpatriotic.

As I sat on this bus mulling over this situation, I started flipping through one of Nicaragua's newspapers, *La Barracuda*, and found a quote from Jimmy Carter that I can no longer recall exactly, but it referred to the fact that the Reagan administration should support the Contadora peace process, rather than only considering military solutions. It gave me the support I needed—a former president of the United States supported the Contadora peace plan.

This incident of a VFW post publicly stating a different position than that of its national body turned out to be a national news story. The national VFW was not happy with it. Therefore they revoked our charter in March 1985. We sued the national organization and in May 1985 became the first VFW post to be reinstated after having its charter revoked. Since then we have continued to bring resolutions before the VFW on Central

America, and even though it has been an uphill battle, we occasionally have been successful. The last national convention that I attended in Minneapolis had fourteen thousand delegates, and only three from our post, yet we got the following added onto their Central American resolution:

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED that the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States support a policy which seeks the development of a balanced economy in Central America and that we support a policy urging peaceful settlement of all conflicts within Central America.

MONTEREY PEACE MARCH

A three-day peace march to stop the war in Central America. Fifty-two miles-Santa Cruz to Monterey-in October 1985. Weren't there supposed to be more people? Spirits were high; few people, but high quality. Numbers on the first day dwindled, then held firm around twenty-five until the last day when numbers soared as we approached Monterey. We stood in front of Fort Ord's main gate with placards, but could not get soldiers to talk to us as they came and left. Soldiers were afraid to talk due to peer pressure. We made more contact in front of the K-Mart retail store, handing out leaflets. The main question asked by the soldiers was, "Are you against the armed forces?"

Instead of answering, I would point to my Veterans of Foreign Wars baseball cap that I was wearing and say that I hoped they wouldn't be able to join my outfit. Or they would see the cap first and approach me to find out what I meant spewing that they had better be ready to kill the twelve-year-old girl defending her home with an AK-47 or be killed but that something in them would die forever if they did.

When the peace marchers were walking down Highway 1, which for miles passes through Fort Ord's property, an army truck full of troops passed us on a parallel road. The passenger

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in the cab, though obscured from view on the opposite side, raised his arm above the cab and gave us a prolonged obscene gesture. As this olive-green vehicle lumbered down the road (its canvas-covered roof and horseshoe-opening at the rear reminiscent of its covered-wagon ancestor), one soldier in the back leaned over the last man on the bench and gave us the peace sign. For a moment both gestures were simultaneous, neither signer knowing about the other. It reminded me that I had been in the service.

MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR., DAY

Our VFW post was invited to participate in the first Martin Luther King, Jr., Day celebration in San Francisco. Our post led the parade carrying the flags. I had been informed that I could be one of the speakers. It was different from other marches I had been in because this was more like a parade. We marched up Market Street with Mayor Dianne Feinstein and a whole group of state assembly people, state senators, and U.S. congresspersons. When we finally reached our destination and were marching up to the platform, there were huge loudspeakers playing King's "I Have a Dream" speech. We were told that this was not the place to bring up any politics; this was just a celebration of the memory of Martin Luther King, Jr. This confused me a bit because I felt that the best way to celebrate Martin Luther King, Jr., was to put his dream into practice.

The crowd estimate ranged from 100,000 to 150,000 people, depending on which paper you read the next day. The politicians started to make speeches; they weren't saying anything that you couldn't get out of a high school civics class. I had already learned that there is a direct relationship between crowd size and the number of politicals selling their wares (themselves). I started to get disillusioned about the whole thing. I really felt at that moment that this holiday was given to the black community to pacify it and that the last thing the organizers wanted was someone to follow in King's footsteps

and cause more political pressure on the administration. At the same time I was proud that our nation had recognized Dr. King. The politicians continued to make their speeches, and I wandered away from the platform and down into the crowd. An independent producer was making a film about veterans disagreeing with the U.S. administration's position in Central America and had contacted our post a month earlier about interviewing us at the parade.

After I had my interview I started weaving my way back to the platform, having my identification checked at each level of entrance. The crowd was dwindling. It had been teased by the giving of awards to children who wrote the best papers in elementary school about Martin Luther King, Jr. Everyone was anticipating the end of the award ceremony so that they could hear the best ones read. Finally, something about King with substance. Not a single paper was read. There wasn't time, for the next fat political was waddling toward the mike and preparing to belch out his rhetoric. The crowd murmured and continued to dwindle. By the time I had reached the platform, I realized that the number of speakers had dwindled also.

There in the corner was Ron Kovic in his wheelchair. I went over and introduced myself and told him that I had read his book, *Born on the Fourth of July*, and was impressed by it. The Reverend Cecil Williams, who was emceeding this event, came over and told us that only one veteran could speak and that the speech had to be reduced from the original three minutes time allotment to one minute. Ron asked me what I was going to speak on. I handed him my speech and after flipping through it he said that he had nothing prepared and that he liked my speech so much that if he was the one asked to speak he would roll up and introduce me. Then Reverend Cecil Williams came over and told me that I could speak for-thirty seconds. I said I couldn't keep it that short so he said I couldn't speak. Then I lied and said that I would keep it in the thirty-second range while thinking, "I came here to give a three-minute speech and I am

going to give it." When I stepped up to the podium I realized that despite the number of speeches I had made in the past year since returning from Nicaragua, this was the first time I was speaking to a crowd so large that I could not see them. They were just a mass of people, and black at that. Did this white boy really have anything to say to them about Martin Luther King, Jr., that would interest them? As my knees quaked, the sweat started running down the insides of my thighs. After introducing myself I started:

In the spring of 1967 Martin Luther King made public his opposition to the U.S. government policy in Vietnam. People questioned the wisdom of his decisions, with questions like: "Peace and civil rights don't mix. Aren't you hurting the cause of your people?" But Dr. King questioned how we could send black soldiers halfway around the world to guarantee liberties in Southeast Asia which they had not found in southwest Georgia or east Harlem. Or how could we accept the irony of watching on T.V. as black boys and white boys killed and died together for a nation that had been unable to seat them together in the same schools. He also had to speak out because of the glaring conflict between the non-violent civil rights movement and the violence in Vietnam.

Reverend Williams started yelling off-mike that I was getting political. I continued, "Here is what Dr. King said, 'As I walk among the desperate, rejected, angry young men, I have told them that Molotov cocktails and rifles would not solve their problems.'"

Reverend Williams started yelling again that I was getting political. I said to him on the microphone, "Martin Luther King was political. Are you afraid of his quotes?" I then realized the power lay in who had the microphone.

I went on quoting King: "The Vietnamese people watched the increasing numbers of U.S. troops pouring into their land." Williams walked up to me and told me that my time was up. I

kept going in King's words:

They listened to our promises for peace and democracy, yet they watched us conspire with Diem to prevent elections which would surely have brought Ho Chi Min to power. They watched as we bombed their lands, and poisoned their waters. We have destroyed their two most cherished institutions: the family and the village. We have destroyed their land and their crops. We have corrupted their women and children and killed their men. What liberators.

Then I said:

Today we honor this great man by talking of what he has done for the peoples of the world, the great movements and programs he has started, the conscious awareness he has created in this society. But what would honor him the most? I think it would be to see that his dream still lives, that his ideologies are being carried on, that he lives in the conscience of many. That is why we must speak out against injustice, stand up for our beliefs, and boldly face violence with non-violence. We must stop the U.S. war in Central America.

Williams said they were not interested in hearing that. "Right now the government of El Salvador is bombing its own villages. It is bombing its own people with white phosphorous and napalm." Williams grabbed at the microphone. For a moment we wrestled for it, oblivious to the crowd below us. They started chanting, "Let him speak!" We both realized a power much greater than the microphone-the crowd. Immediately the tussle stopped and Williams moved to a neutral corner of the stage.

They are creating a living hell. When I say "they," I really mean the Reagan administration. For this is an administration-backed "democracy," and these bombs are our bombs. They fall from our planes; they hit targets chosen by our intelligence, using our satellites. Our

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nation is at war in El Salvador . . . I know few Americans who would not lay down their lives in the defense of our nation. But we were not defending our nation in Vietnam, and we are not defending our nation in Central America. The next draft will not be for the defense of our homeland; it will be used as the last draft was, to take away someone else's homeland. 'We can write our members of Congress; we can march in the streets, but most of all we can refuse to go. If there is one thing to remember of Martin Luther King, Jr., it is the power of non-violent civil disobedience. If we are violent we are controllable. But if we are non-violent, we are in control.

I walked off the stage. I felt hurt, angry, and betrayed. In my nervousness during the confrontation I had edited my speech drastically. I felt that I had got my point across, but the speech had really been dismantled. Yet the crowd was very appreciative; it was probably one of the less boring speeches of the afternoon. The Reverend Cecil Williams was still in the far corner of the platform, so Ron Kovic rolled up to the microphone in his wheelchair and started speaking about Vietnam and Central America. At least something was heard about the people's plight in Central America that day.

FAST

My fast was one of the most significant actions I have taken. I was fasting in solidarity with the four fasters Brian Willson, Charlie Liteky, George Mizo, and Duncan Murphy. They spent each day of the fast sitting on the Capitol steps in Washington, D.C. We were fasting to stop the U.S. war in Central America. I learned what extra energy means-I didn't have any. I went twenty-three days with only water. It was very hard without the support of my family and friends. My wife Nilani was very supportive and was really the only one who helped me through. Since I was teaching in the morning and in the evening, I learned the economy of movement.

After speaking out of anger and bitterness from what I had witnessed in Vietnam and Nicaragua, this was the first action that I took which was truly nonviolent. It also was interesting yet frustrating that people were more concerned with me and my fast than with what was happening in Central America. A great sage was once asked why he did not perform miracles. His response was:

If I made that accordion dance in the air and play music, would it bring you closer to God? No, you might be amazed by the accordion or amazed by me and gain a new respect for me, but it wouldn't bring you closer to God; therefore it is a useless waste of energy.

I certainly didn't believe my fast was useless because more people were becoming aware of Central America, but I was bothered by the interest in me rather than in my cause.

I know that this fast affected my students. Every day, they saw me get thinner and thinner. It must be something to watch your teacher lose forty pounds in a little over three weeks. What I found I was really doing was reaching those who already had some respect for me but did not think a lot about Central America. They began to see that this was a cause that was very important to me. What I wanted was to instill the importance of every American taking responsibility for the actions of their country.

EL SALVADOR

In November of 1986, I was invited to attend the first international peace conference ever held in El Salvador. The conference took place not long after our fast, and Brian Willson and Duncan Murphy were also going. Don Gomez showed his movie *The Situation* in a world premiere to raise money for my trip. His experiences in El Salvador are documented in the movie *Salvador*, directed by Oliver Stone. Landing in Guatemala City, I noticed three A-37s in camouflage paint

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parked alongside the runway. A-37s are small, slow-flying twin engine jets that are very useful for low-intensity warfare. They can make precision strikes in the jungle because they can fly so slowly. They are vulnerable to ground fire, but if the target is not well-protected they can be quite devastating. They are good for dropping napalm and white phosphorous. I had read references about the use of these jets in El Salvador in Charlie Clements' book, *Witness to War*. Elliot Abrams, assistant secretary for Inter-American Affairs in the State Department, had said that there were no A-37s in the area. So it was interesting to see them, since their range could certainly include El Salvador.

When we took off I tried to get pictures, but we were above them when we flew over. When we had landed we turned at the end of the runway near them. So you could only get pictures when landing. I vowed to get pictures on the return landing in Guatemala City. On the way home, I was able to get four, semiblurred photos by shooting through the cabin window. I immediately took out the film cartridge and handed it to the woman sitting next to me on the plane. She had been a delegate to the peace conference. Without a word from either of us she got up and moved to another seat. I did not see her in the terminal when we boarded the flight to San Francisco. She returned the film to me in San Francisco after customs inspection. I remember thinking about how people can communicate without knowing each other when they have common beliefs.

Blase Bonepane, a former Maryknoll priest, impressed me most out of all the people I met in El Salvador. We talked about how this war was hard on our marriages because we were not paying attention to our spouses and, at the same time, we were bringing public attention to ourselves. I sat in that bus sweating like I had never sweat before. Unbeknownst to me, my carry-on bag had crushed a cockroach. In a matter of minutes, my bag was covered with ants. Some were feasting on the cockroach,

while others were carrying eggs and building a nest. When I first noticed this, I thought that this was going to be a tough experience. An Indian standing in the aisle, an El Salvadoran delegate, leaned over and told me that these ants were a sign of good luck. Later, I would think him right when I watched the evening news in the comfort of my living room in Aptos, California. But if I had known what was to lie ahead, I would not have stayed.

In Nicaragua, the year before, I had gotten used to seeing many people carrying automatic weapons, mostly AK-47s. When I would approach these men or women they usually rested the palm of their hand over the muzzle of their weapon. This is a comforting, and almost apologetic, gesture. In El Salvador, the habit seemed to be to point it at you and let you sweat. In Nicaragua, many people carried AK-47s over their shoulders, but in El Salvador they usually carried them pointed straight out everywhere they faced. There were machine gun nests above the highway at every overpass. This country had a very deep, oppressive air. This was not the place to bring out your soap box.

The peace conference was sponsored by FANASTRAS, a labor union. This seemed to be the only group that had any influence in letting the world know about the intolerable condition of this "democracy." When we arrived, the newspaper sported a front-page article written by President Duarte that basically said that a group sponsored by the U. S. Communist party had arrived in the morning to discuss the overthrow of the El Salvadoran democracy under the guise of a peace conference. I knew that we were in trouble.

One day we traveled out into the countryside. We encountered an army roadblock that eventually let us pass, but let us know that the enemy (FMLN) were in the area. Eventually, the jungle cleared and we arrived in Tinancingo, a village of about ten square blocks with cobblestone streets and

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concrete buildings. It was almost a ghost town because the military had been bombing it for supporting the guerrillas. The army then came in and relocated the residents to refugee camps in the capital city, San Salvador. The residents were under threat of death if they should choose to return, but about 5 percent had returned. I soon wandered away from the rest of the group, not only out of embarrassment, but also because they crowded around every villager they found and asked a million questions and because I like to discover things on my own. As I wandered the streets alone taking pictures, I found a lady sitting in a doorway weaving a flat braid. In speaking with her in Spanish I found out that the village made sombreros. She wove the hatbands and in a building around the corner the hats were made. This seemed to be the only commerce left in the village.

Whenever I was in the jungle I always carried two cameras around my neck: an autofocus 35mm. Minolta and a Nikkormat with an 80-200mm zoom lens. This setup worked well, for if I needed to take a picture fast of something close, then I just pointed and shot with the Minolta. If I had more time or the distance was great, then I would get a higher quality picture with the Nikkormat.

I was walking up a narrow, deserted street, and as I crossed a side street I looked up and saw a band of FMLN guerrillas in the distance. I took their picture with the Minolta as I crossed this street, but as I did one of them spun around and saw me. I was out of sight again on my street, but after walking a distance, I decided I had better go back and face them rather than have them catch up to me. I rounded a corner on the way back and there they were talking about me. There were four, each carrying an M-16. One was also carrying a radio. My pants had deep safari-type pockets and in the left side was hidden my microcassette tape recorder. I casually put both thumbs in my pockets as I approached and turned on my recorder. It would have been a smooth move except I was unaware that the battery light would give me away by reflecting off my belt. I said,

"Hola, puedo tomar un fotografia?" The leader said "No." He stared at my belt for a moment. just as he pointed his M-16 at my pocket and asked, "Que es eso?" I found myself thrown against a wall and hiding under an eave with them as a U.S.-made "Huey" helicopter that the El Salvadoran military used flew over on a reconnaissance mission. It was Vietnam again, but the roles seemed to be reversed.

As soon as the helicopter flew over, the leader again pointed at my pocket. I sheepishly pulled out my recorder and he told me to turn it off. After I talked with them for awhile, they allowed me to take a picture of them leaning against the wall with their faces turned away from the camera. The leader also, after some discussion, let me tape our conversation. He said that they were taking a big risk in talking with me because if the El Salvadoran army got their hands on my film or the microcassette, they would be identified, which meant their death. The leader was the only one who spoke, while the rest watched. He was thirty-one years old and had been a guerrilla since the age of seventeen. He told me how hard it was to get food and ammunition now that the army had removed the villagers. He said that villages and hospitals in the jungle were being bombed. He seemed to be a rather peaceful man, although extremely alert; resigned to fight for the freedom of the people of El Salvador. He knew that the government of the United States was supporting his enemy, the El Salvadoran military, but he had no anger against me and hoped I would be able to get back to United States to tell his story. Then the helicopter returned. I had been standing in the road since I had taken a picture of them and was therefore spotted by the helicopter door-gunner. Since the guerrillas were still under the eave they could not be seen, so I just turned and walked up the road.

The helicopter followed my progress, which gave me a deep chill, but at the same time I was satisfied that I was leading them away from these guerrillas. I was starting to worry that my stupidity had endangered them. I continued to make my way

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back to the rest of the group. They were standing in the main plaza with another helicopter hovering above them. We got in our bus and drove back out through the jungle the way we had come. The helicopters disappeared down the road ahead of us. As soon as I had gotten on the bus I emptied the cameras and the recorder. I put fresh film in both cameras and took about five shots of nothing with each. I put a blank cassette in the recorder. I was trying to decide where to hide the films and microcassette when we were stopped by the El Salvadoran army. I took off my shoes and stuffed the films and cassettes into my socks and under my arches. I had my shoes back on by the time the soldiers had boarded the bus. I did not feel that the film and cassette were very safe. I did not even know if I could walk without giving away their hiding place.

The soldiers were quite excited and yelling at the driver. The Spanish was a little too fast for me, but I could make out that this army platoon had gotten into trouble for letting us pass before. There were two El Salvadorans with us whose papers were checked by the soldiers. Then they searched our bags and took our film from the cameras. The soldier who took my films was probably about twenty years old, but he seemed so young and innocent. He did not notice my microcassette recorder in my pocket so that tape would have been safe where it was. I felt relieved when I got all my films home.

There were a number of times when I felt physically threatened in El Salvador. Yet what is interesting is that the people I have met, specifically in the war zones in El Salvador and Nicaragua, seem to have a deep, peaceful quality about them. I have experienced more mental violence leashed upon me trying to communicate my food order to a fast-food employee in San Francisco than I ever felt in one of these countries. Our country seems to have high levels of mental violence. I think it is because we don't live through life-and-death situations every day. When you don't know if you will be alive the next day, or if the person you are talking to will be

alive, then I think you communicate more deeply and effectively. There is really no time to waste with unloving or negative thoughts and words. I was beginning to find people at peace in war zones, and they held a peace that comes from the inside and is not affected by outer circumstances. At the same time, I would come home and see people with wars raging within them. It was becoming clear to me that violence and nonviolence were much deeper than anything on the physical level.

VETERANS PEACE ACTION TEAMS

While Brian Willson and I were in El Salvador together, Brian shared an idea he had about American citizens chaperoning El Salvadoran labor leaders around El Salvador. These chaperons would be an alarm if anything happened to their charges. Of course, the Americans took the risk that something might happen to them, but the El Salvadoran government seemed to be working hard at projecting a democratic image, and Brian felt that it would be wary of the U.S. press if something should happen to a U.S. citizen. This way, these chaperons could sound the alarm if the Treasury Police picked up their charges, and if both were picked up, then others would inform the U.S. press. This might keep some of these resistance leaders from disappearing. One problem was that the El Salvadoran military or Treasury Police, being CIA trained, could kill both in public and make it appear that the FMLN did it. Not only would they be able to get rid of the leader, but also it would cause more news in the U.S. press against the FMLN. Another problem was that the El Salvadoran government could simply crack down on visas for Americans, and any Americans that were in the way would be deported.

Later, this idea evolved into the Veterans Peace Action Teams (VPAT). VPATs were used in Nicaragua rather than El Salvador, because in Nicaragua we had the support of the government. Brian Willson, Steve Brooks, and I discussed the idea of sending combat veterans into the jungle in Nicaragua

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along the border with Honduras, where most of the action was occurring, so they could observe the Contras, the Sandinista military, and the indigenous peoples. Veterans are a good choice for this task because they have seen and survived similar situations and therefore make good observers. Also veterans have some credibility with the public since they had laid their life on the line to defend their nation in the past. They were to be unarmed and trained in nonviolence before leaving.

Over three years, a total of three VPATs were sent. What they mainly ended up doing was rebuilding villages and health clinics destroyed by the Contras. This was not only beneficial to the Nicaraguans, but it also strengthened the character of many VPAT members.

SUMMARY

I have never had a formal class in peace or peace studies. I have not studied peace in the form of a written language, only in the language of the heart. My classrooms have been the cities, villages, and jungles of Vietnam, El Salvador, Nicaragua, Guatemala, and the Philippines. My teachers have been the Viet Cong, Filipino guerrillas trying to overthrow Marcos, Sandinistas, Contras, FMLN guerrillas, the El Salvadoran army, and all the villagers and people that lived in the midst of turmoil. They come in all forms; from the toothless farmer who lost his farm and lived in a San Salvadoran refugee camp under threat of death should he attempt to return, to the twelve-year-old Nicaraguan girl in the pink chiffon dress with sparkles in her eyes, a smile, barrettes in her hair, and an AK-47 slung over her shoulder as she stood guarding her village.

In 1971 in the Philippines, I saw how the guerrillas taped two ammunition "clips" together, reversed with a slight overlap, so that they could flip it over, insert the other end, and have twice the ammo. They appeared to have no fear of the military or the police; they were only doing what they thought and felt

was necessary. The one thing I have learned through these experiences is that non-action is a better alternative than unintelligent action, and the only action I have seen that has intelligence is Mahatma Gandhi's *satyagraha* ("soul force" or "truth force").

I believe in nonviolence and I do what I can to be nonviolent. I see violence in its subtle forms-killing animals to eat, unfriendly thoughts, and fear-to its grossest levels such as physical violence. In order to understand violence, the root cause of this sickness of violence must be studied at stages that appear long before the physical stage is reached.

Our human family may say that violence is that obscure thing that happens to the other guy. We may say that we are not any part of the root of violence. We subject ourselves to thousands of violent scenes in the theater and in our living rooms. Yet we think that violence is outside us.

We may think that violence is related to one person physically hurting another. That is the most obvious violence and also the rarest form of violence. A more common form is mental violence, such as not being polite to a person who is attempting to serve you whether it be at a grocery store or in a post office. Or not immediately forgiving someone who has cut in front of you on the road.

There are also many indirect forms of violence. How can someone eat a ham sandwich and not feel a party to the slaughter, gutting, and dressing of the hog they are eating? Not only are they consuming the flesh of a dead animal that was slaughtered for them to eat, but also they are absorbing the fear and anger that pig experienced in its last minutes of life. The very first step in the control of anger and fear is a vegetarian diet.

Thousands of species are extinct and will never be replaced because rain forests are cleared, cut to make pastures for cattle to

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graze so that we can have those hamburgers on our tables. Our atmosphere is out of balance because we prefer our aerosol sprays over a pump spray, and autos to mass transit. We create acid rain by minimizing costs and increasing profits. We poison our rivers and streams to make enough money to cover our marketing budget to sell ourselves on products we don't need or want. Since long-term means the next financial quarter, we create garbage that will last for eons by encasing food in Styrofoam so that it will stay hot a little longer. We circle the globe every evening with drift nets that suffocate anything caught in them. We invade countries to liberate them from their oppressors, then proceed to become the new oppressors by setting up governments that are supposedly, but are not, for the people. We keep ourselves occupied with civil liberties in other countries while taking money away from our country's childrens health programs to build bombers. We live in the fear of violence. We build walls around us with motion detectors and dead bolts and then wonder about the plight of the homeless. We split our families asunder and shuttle our kids from one parent to another. We must begin to recognize the violence that is around us and inside us.

We need to work on changing ourselves, for the only thing that can be done to decrease violence in the world is to stop the violence that lives within ourselves. How else can we stop it other than on a conscious, individual basis? Violence can never be stopped through violence, for the only thing we truly hate in others is the ugliness we see in ourselves. Since we deal with violence every day we have to learn to meet it with compassion and love. We must learn that our reactions are more important than the events around us. If we are treated unkindly or unfairly, we have a choice to be unkind in return or to be loving. We need to choose to react with compassion and understanding, for there have been times that we have been unkind or unfair.

But more important than trying to justify compassion is the fact that we have the opportunity to refuse to cooperate in a

violent way, and we can take that opportunity to bring forth peace. It may only be our own peace of mind, for we cannot control others, but still, we have stopped the seeds of anger that would have sprouted in our mind by exercising conscious control. In doing so, we have given something positive to the universe. This is the level on which we should talk about peace and violence, for nonwar, is not peace, conflict resolution is not peace, arms treaties are not peace, and peacekeeping troops do not keep peace. Despite how much we may think that our environment is the source of reactions and feelings, it is still our choice-to master our reactions, and emotions. For peace and violence only exist in our own mind.

I don't think we can be human and totally nonviolent. Yet I see no reason not to strive for this perfection. At least we can work toward decreasing this self-violence. I do believe that we can certainly rid the world of physical violence, if we really work on ourselves. Imagine if one out of every hundred people in the world were like Mahatma Gandhi? If this were the case, I feel that violence and the desire for power would be under self-control and the need for war would evaporate. I feel that this can only be accomplished when we stop looking at the violence outside us, stop evaluating others and work on our own violence inside, and have compassion for others that may be more violent than ourselves. If just 1 percent of the world set an example of living a peaceful, nonviolent life, then the majority of the world would follow.

Since I proclaim nonviolence in all situations, people always ask me what I would do in a variety of hypothetical situations. I always tell them what I hope I would do but that every decision has its time, and it cannot be made before or after that time. I think that only violent people end up in a situation where violence is "needed," which I feel is karmic. So when people ask me what I would do in a hypothetical situation where violence is justified, I ask for their names and addresses so that I can write and tell them what my reaction was after that

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experience has occurred. So far I have not experienced any of these situations.

Planning is important, but humans are so preoccupied with the hypothetical, the big "what if," that we tend to miss the now. The past does not exist. It is bits and pieces of other presents. It may help us if we get into a similar situation again under the same circumstances, but I have learned that this never happens. There is always a twist. The situations are always a little different. Different enough that we are better off if we use our intuition and basic knowledge rather than solutions to a hypothetical situation that we dreamed up before. Living in the past makes us angry, for there is nothing in the past that we can change and we spend so much time worrying about the future that we tend to be the walking dead, at least dead to the present. As each present fades into the past we may someday realize that we haven't lived at all. So life passes us by as we dream about the future and attempt to rearrange our past. Again it is our choice.

Nonviolence is both a starting point and an arrival point. What I mean is that I feel some people are basically more or less violent than others irrespective of the circumstances in which they grew up. The belief in reincarnation explains why people raised under similar conditions can be so completely different. I believe that we undertake thousands of lives and that we continue to mature from life to life. I picture them as frames in a movie.

One major influence that makes one committed to nonviolent respect for life is when parents teach their children to have respect for life and consideration for all things. My parents made sure that we had proper manners and had respect for our elders and for the property of others. I am fortunate to have parents who allowed me to have varied experiences, most notably summer camp (1960) and the student program in Mexico (1962-63). My mother always said that a person could do

anything they wanted to do if they felt strongly enough about it. At the same time my father set an example by going out and doing whatever he put his mind to doing. He became a very successful businessman.

Even though our philosophies and goals have differed, my family has always been supportive of my individuality. But I believe that an individual's history does not predispose him or her to violence or nonviolence. just observe how siblings of a family raised the same way may differ. I believe previous lives and experiences affect our outlook and our reactions.

Nonviolence must be cultivated. It is a great power. It is greater than all the nuclear weapons that exist, or any of the future weapons that may exist, because it is removed from the physical level. Mahatma Gandhi showed the use of this power. Someone only has power over you if you acknowledge it. If you are so secure that you are not affected by material loss, and do not have a fear of insecurity, then no one can touch you. To be struck down and be able to stand up again, with a smile no less, is devastating to the attacker. You are not playing by the standard set of rules.

It helps to believe that each experience is, in essence, the only experience, yet at the same time there will never be a time void of experience. Therefore we should strive to be the best we can at all times. There is never a point at which our ethics should be suspended in order to ascertain a better outcome for there are no outcomes. The end never justifies the means if one does not believe in an end. It is absurd not to strive to put out to the world anything but peace, love, and harmony when all that we put out will come back in like form.

Perspective is very important. In trigonometry, you can look at an object at some distance away and not know its distance but can determine the angle it subtends and get a relative idea about its size. If you move to another perspective

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and measure the distance you have moved and look at the object again, now the size and distance of the object can be determined. I think that most of our lives we view the world from one mental perspective, and therefore we know little about what is going along around us. If I and ten others all view the same event and the other ten write about it, the one that has the perspective closest to mine is the one I consider the closest to the truth.

We live in the age of ignorance, but then we always have. By that I mean that an age in the past always seems inferior to the age at present. Whether it was or not can certainly not be judged by us. Here is an example. At the turn of the this century we had far superior transportation than was available in ancient Rome. Rome was advanced but obviously not superior in any way to the modern Twentieth-century world. But the world at the beginning of the twentieth century was not built out of cement that would last, though much of Rome still stood. It wasn't until after the World War I that a superior cement was discovered, the secret of the Roman cement, which we use today (portland cement). My point is we can never truly judge anything, for it comes only from our perspective. We can only try to evaluate that which is inferior to us, and this is what science attempts. From this perspective we appear to be technologically enlightened. But a thousand years from now, if through our immature wisdom we haven't destroyed this planet, this will look like another creative but backward age.

I now believe that everything is perfect, irrespective of perspective, because there is not one thing in the universe that is out of place. Before, I was trying to awaken people to the atrocities supported by our government that were occurring in Central America. I was emotionally touched by what I had seen, and my words were not loving. What good can it do to awaken others to an existing injustice if you awaken them with hateful words? I was trying to stop physical violence by creating mental violence. Was I part of the solution or part of the problem? On a local level, I was part of the solution because I was trying to

stop the physical violence, but on a universal level, I was part of the problem, because I was trying to stop physical violence by using mental violence. Thus I was bringing more violence into the picture.

I don't regret my actions-they were a necessary part of my training and growth. I decided to work on the true root of violence, inside myself, so we moved to Kaua'i; away from the political groups I had been involved in and we have continued our growth.

Maybe some physical violence in Central America was averted by my use of mental violence. That we cannot measure. Even so, we should not balance different violences against each other. Violence should be balanced by love and compassion, not by a lesser form of violence. Anger and violence can be preached, but unfortunately it is more difficult to foster love. It can only be shared as an example by proper living.

I think one of the keys is to realize that there is nothing to defend. Whenever we feel in any way that our essence is different from someone else's, then we are not able to love them. It is in this perception of difference that violence begins.

ON THE POLITICS OF PEACE ACTION: NONVIOLENCE AND CREATIVITY

Johan Galtung

A BASIC QUESTION AND TWO ANSWERS

When we started the first peace research institute dedicated to research, education, and action in Oslo back in 1958 (launched in January 1959), the principal problem was not research or education. They are both well within the scope of what researchers are supposed to engage in, particularly those working at universities and independent institutes.

The problem was how to conceive of peace action. This problem perhaps is not so easy to understand almost forty years later: we were in an early phase of the Cold War, in a strong ideological field with only one basic question: which side are you on? To research and to educate might be problematic enough. To be also searching for ways to act sounded like a recipe for disaster.

I remember drawing on the blackboard a very simple image of society, with researchers sandwiched between two layers labeled "elites" and "people." More concretely, we often talked about foreign and defense ministries, their corresponding committees in the parliament, and their internationalization in the alliances as the "elites." We also talked about the independent peace organizations as the "people," although we sometimes extended that concept to other organizations, provided they were not steered, in one alliance or the other, by the elites. And then: "we," the researchers.

There were two clear possibilities for researchers: to deliver our insights for whatever they were worth upward to the elites or downward to the people. I was not against either possibility, but had one condition: that it be done in the open. Research is public. If it is secret, then it is not public, and usually also bad.

To preserve integrity, it is crucial to avoid the secretive so beloved by the state-system. I remember a major project for the Council of Europe in 1967: discussing possible patterns for peaceful cooperation in the East-West field with the directors of the political sections in nineteen foreign ministries from Moscow to Washington, D.C. and from Oslo to Athens. At the end a report emerged, which was presented to the Council of Europe. At the end of that presentation I had to deal with a disappointed secretary general who thought I had reserved the real goodies for him in a closed meeting. I had nothing more.

Our conclusion was to share insights in all directions, not only with elites and people but also with East, West, and neutrals; always the same version, which might also be a published version.¹

But there was also another conclusion: to try to combine the peace researchers and the peace activists into some kind of well-informed peace or conflict worker. That program is still only at its beginning, but with an almost explosive growth after the end of the Cold War (because the field was less polarized, the entry less risky, the demand more articulated). The idea was a peace professional who went beyond the university tasks of research and education and into action in the concrete sense of working with at least one of the parties in a conflict. The idea was never limited to "getting the parties to the table," reserving a position for oneself at that table, as a "third party." That may perhaps come at some later stage. A table is much too symmetric for the gross asymmetries of many conflicts, the idea of only two parties is naive, and a major task may be to prepare the parties for the table. So, how does one do that?

Today I can formulate the task more clearly and certainly more simply than I could in those early years. Two specific problems, and two formulas, have emerged, and they relate very clearly to the double-edged nature of conflict: conflict the Destroyer, and conflict the Creator. Conflict as danger of violence; and conflict as opportunity for change, even for progress in the sense of enhancing the lives of more people.

The problem involving conflict as Destroyer seemed generally clear: to discuss with the parties to a conflict, *how can their goals be pursued nonviolently?* Is it possible to pursue goals nonviolently with any participant? In a certain minimal sense, yes. I have been close to a variety of conflicts, and it is certainly one of my experiences that no conflict party exists in whom somewhere, deep down, there is not some goal with some general validity to it. The criterion for that validity is perhaps Kantian, Kohlbergian; there is some universal validity to the pursued goal, not only "I, me, mine." But that also brings us into problems: in a finite world material goals pursued without limits by everybody will lead to the destruction of that world. Here nonviolence enters fully. Nonviolence applies not only to the means but also to the ends: pursue only those goals the realization of which does not spell violence to others.

And this is where the second answer to the basic question enters: *how can apparently incompatible goals become compatible?* How can the incompatibility be transcended?² More easily said than done: through creativity. Like nonviolence the potential is available everywhere. But that potential has to be actuated, and dialogue with a conflict/peace worker is one approach.

Even if these two answers of nonviolence and creativity have become more clear over time, they were there in embryonic form all the time. The concrete experiences were the soil out of which they could grow. The research task is too far removed from concrete brushes with reality; actually, I even have serious doubts whether someone whose contact with reality is limited to

a university campus and its library can ever add to the research corpus. That she or he can be an excellent teacher is beyond doubt. But a social scientist on the campus-conference circuit is too similar to a natural scientist without direct access to nature or laboratory.

Nor should concrete peace work be confused with exiting from campus and the academe to enter public space in such honored roles of the public intellectual, as publicist in the media and speaker on the lecture circuit. There is no belittling of these activities. The health of a society depends also on the extent to which creative, courageous intellectuals break the town/gown barriers, exit from the campus ghetto, and enter public space to participate in the broader debate and be challenged by those other than their colleagues.

Nor should concrete peace work be confused with peace activism in the broad sense of demonstration and confrontation. The picket, the vigil, the march are all important ways of marking space and time and of pointing to the future-indispensable when ordinary words do not suffice. They can be more or less evocative and pedagogical. Maybe Greenpeace deserves a world prize from all educational establishments, as may the Greenham Common women for their perseverance against the Pershing/Cruise missiles. But this is not dialogue with the parties.³

The reader is invited to share the following experiences, to some extent. In another context I have tried to describe how I set out on the journey to nonviolence, via wartime experience in occupied Norway and exposure to Gandhi, and I shall not repeat that here.⁴ That essay, "The Shape of Things to Be," was an effort to describe how I was shaped by my experiences, and perhaps also shaped them, during a half year spent in prison for the rights of conscientious objectors to work for peace. This essay is about what came after, so far. One essay about youth, one about middle age. Evidently, there will be a third essay one day.

To relate my experiences, I have chosen a format I have found useful for a peace worker: to try to state, in one line, the basic **diagnosis** (D), **prognosis** (P), and **therapy** (T) for the conflict as seen by that conflict worker. The reader will find D, P, T in the beginning of each part and further developed in the text. These formulations may be controversial. Many people working in this field may shrink from the task (in my view, the responsibility) to make such points explicit. To me these formulations are efforts to avoid a major mistake: to try to manipulate the conflict parties. To them the conflict is serious, perhaps the most serious aspect of the lives they have lived so far. Of course, formulation of D, P, T is developed together with participants, not necessarily with all of them, for consensus may not be possible, and perhaps not even desirable (it may be fake).

But the conflict/peace worker must enter the conflict, at least after some acquaintance with it, with open cards. So, my cards are on the table: *nonviolence* and *creativity*, and the effort to analyze, predict, and develop concrete remedies.

DESEGREGATION IN CHARLOTTESVILLE, 1958-60

D: Lack of transparency among the three conflict parties

P: Exaggerated perceptions could lead to violence

T: Sociological study, results available to all, deescalation

I was a young assistant professor in the Department of Sociology, Columbia University, received some small grants, and drove to Charlottesville, Virginia, at the recommendation of one of my gurus, the late Professor Otto Klineberg. The research project was a multiwave panel study of elites in the city and the major organizations of the segregationists (White Citizens Councils), of the desegregationists (Human Relations Councils), and of the blacks (NAACP). In addition, a two-wave survey was made of the attitudes of a random sample of the county population.

Everything looked promising: a book was in the making from a community steeped in a conflict incompatible with their

self-image as a peaceful center of Jeffersonian humanism. But that book was never to be written despite excellent data: something arose that was more important than publication.

The population was nervous. A KKK cross had been burned. Violence was in the air. And yet I was aware they all exaggerated the danger. Communication had broken down, and I knew more than the mayor and the sheriff. What was the task?

It was to make the situation transparent for the participants, in meetings, in the media, even, if as a public figure locally I could no longer expect data to be unbiased. It worked. Patient explanation of their own processes, from a general social science point of view, demystified the conflict. And I got my reward: a letter saying they had desegregated peacefully, partly due to my work and despite my position against segregation; maybe because I also took their view seriously. A role took shape.

EAST-WEST CONFLICT; THE COLD WAR, 1959-89

D: Conflict reductionism to (2,1)⁵; Stalinism, nuclearism

P: Protraction, third-world warfare, nuclear war/mutual genocide

T: CSCE,⁶ GRIT,⁷ defensive defense, people's diplomacy, nonviolence

Over thirty years of conflict participation many things happen, like being arrested in the Soviet Union twice or being forced from a rostrum in the DDR (East Germany) and transported in a black car to the airport. So I will focus on one story, related to the project for the Council of Europe mentioned previously.⁸

In the course of that project one idea emerged that today looks rather trivial: that the parties to the East-West conflict could meet in a permanent Security Commission for Europe, similar to the Economic Commission for Europe (UN), and that all the parties could discuss their problems and conflicts-not just one problem at a time (like arms control)-instead of pointing

warheads at each other. In the fall of 1967 this idea was presented around Europe, usually at meetings organized by institutes of foreign affairs.⁹

In Prague a young man was listening. As a dissident he was sent to the countryside after the Soviet invasion in August 1968 and later became number two in the Foreign Office after communism imploded. They then wanted the Soviet Army out. And the formula suggested was "the old Galtung plan"; the time was now "ripe." Shevardnadze, the Soviet foreign minister, reacted positively, even if he first wanted Warsaw Treaty Organization modernization. He needed a formula for transforming the Cold War system; a more permanent CSCE was one such formula.¹⁰ What he then suggested was not only to withdraw the army, but also to let that kind of organization be the basic pillar in the framework for peace in Europe, the Paris Treaty in the fall of 1990. Maybe there are three things to learn from this case.

Sow seeds. Be not deterred by those who say they are unrealistic. If they had been "realistic," they would already have been available in the mainstream discourse among elites. Such ideas would already have been picked up. When the conflict does not abate, it is because "realistic" ideas often are not realistic. From this it does not follow that all elite ideas are silly and that all good ideas are countertrend. But for elites to transcend is not that easy, and in the atmosphere of the late 1960s, after the brutal invasion of Czechoslovakia, even to suggest that East and West should play the roles of equals with shared concerns was remote.

The ways of the Lord are inscrutable. Sow seeds, but where they sprout may not be so easy to predict. In the years 1981-85 I gave about five hundred talks all over Europe, with that idea and many others (defensive, nonprovocative defense; nonviolence in Eastern Europe; people's diplomacy; asymmetric disarmament, like Osgood's excellent Gradual Reciprocated Initiatives in Tension reduction, GRIT). I thought the likely

recipients to be small, democratic, even social democratic countries in north-western Europe. Now I understand better why they took no initiative: they were both clients and status quo countries, not like unsure Eastern European countries seeking recognition (they still do).

Perseverance; it takes time. A seed was sown in 1967. An assistant who later became ambassador carried the seed, it sprouted in early 1990, and I heard about it at a conference in Luxembourg in February 1993, twenty-five years later. Many will never hear anything. Nor should it matter. But it somehow felt good.

NORTH-SOUTH CONFLICT, CRISIS OF DEVELOPMENT, 1960-

D: Imperialism, economism, asymmetric externalities

P: Massive misery, violence, migration South; unemployment
North

T: Alternative models, self-reliance I, self-reliance II

I cannot claim to have done anything useful, nothing I believe to be a remedy that could make a difference has had its day. A diagnosis in terms of the imperialism of the West is not acceptable to the mainstream, elite, West. But that is not so important; other expressions can be found. The key word is "externality": challenge, working together, pollution/ depletion; all those asymmetrically distributed side effects of economic activity. At some point I was able to unmask a major Pentagon sponsored research project, "Camelot" in Chile, to "find out how the United States can help armies of friendly countries" (presented as a project on conflict and development), but such activities go on. And there are some traces in UN resolutions (for example, UNCTAD/UNEP Coyococ Resolution, 1974).

But precisely this asymmetric exchange is the solid base on which Western superiority is built. As the "science" of economics is its rationale, this is probably where the remedies have to be found: *economics in another key*. Many people are

working on that. In the meantime the Western economic enterprise will continue its march into all corners of the world, after both red and green socialism have been defeated. Of course some wealth accrues to some people; but not enough to ensure rich societies against crisis.

Conclusion: even if I believe in local and national self-reliance I for basic needs, and self-reliance II as exchange among equals, the rationale has to be improved. We are still in the diagnostic stage; many people will still suffer under the sway of triumphant, globalized market economism.

ISRAEL-PALESTINE, 1964-

- D: Settler colonialism, traumatized chosen people vs. indigenous
- P: Protracted structural and direct violence, escalation
- T: Nonviolence (*intifada*), autonomy (two states) confederation

Not much time was needed to diagnose settler colonialism on Palestinian land, with one difference: there was a claim in the Chosen People/Promised Land syndrome (not in the Holocaust, that logic should lead to a substantial part of German territory handed over to the Jews). So, how does one enter with the twin approaches of creativity and nonviolence?

To suggest, in 1970, a two-state solution and to think in terms of an evolution toward an Israeli-Palestinian confederation or even federation must have looked strange to some. Today that is the discourse, if not (yet) the fact and has involved countless dialogues with all sides. It was very clear that just to have an image of what an outcome could be-distinct from "all Jews in the sea" and "all Bedouins go home"-was of key importance. The Palestinian National Council (PNC) resolution of November 15, 1988, opened the door for the two-state solution, sooner or later to come.

But how about nonviolence? An opportunity came in November 1986: I was invited by the Arab Thought Forum for a

conference on nonviolence in Amman, Jordan, and made many proposals¹¹ after having analyzed the Norwegian resistance during World War II and the famous case in Berlin of February 1943 when German women married to Jews liberated their detained husbands about to be sent to extermination camps. The relation to the *intifada* that came one year later is clear, although the form taken and the role of the children, was not anticipated by us. But it worked as it should: a clear manifestation of the will never to capitulate and the demoralization of the Israeli soldiers.

RHODESIA-ZIMBABWE, 1965-70

D: Settler colonialism, mission civilisatrice complex

P: Economic sanctions will not work to unsettle the regime

T: Massive nonviolence

I was quite often in Rhodesia before the liberation, partly to study the effect of the economic sanctions (hypothesis: it will strengthen the regime by serving as a challenge to improve the economy) and partly to encourage nonviolence. The other aspect, creativity, was less important: colonialism, like slavery, is not to be "transcended" but to be abolished; there is no room for compromise. Quite another thing is the question of guarantees for settlers who want to stay as citizens of Zimbabwe.

Once I was intercepted by Ian Smith's security chief, who knew I had been there many times and asked what my conclusion was. So I said, "You have a maximum of twenty years" (I was ten years too pessimistic) and asked him what they were most afraid of. He said, "Not the guerrillas, we are better at that. But if one day they should all march on Salisbury (Harare) from the townships, with no violence at all, then we would not know what to do. We cannot shoot at women and children." The Israelis had done that and were morally defeated as a result.

So I managed to get the news to my friends in one of the liberation movements. Their reaction was negative: "We want to fight, like men, not like women and children." I argued in

favor of massive nonviolence with parallel global campaigns by all their friends. To no avail. The culture was against it-an African, macho culture, not too different from the cultures found in Europe and the Americas. There was no way to transcend it, at least not known to me. And it sounded like the sacrifice and heroism were more important than killing some white men.

NORTH KOREA-UNITED STATES- SOUTH KOREA, 1972-

- D: Separation of a nation, division of a state, by outsiders
- P: Korean War 1950-53 repeated with some modifications
- T: Depolarization-confederation cycles, Korean conflict
autonomy

I know both parts of Korea and have been involved for more than twenty years. Korea is located in the field of force between the United States and Japan on the one side, established in the South economically but resented by great parts of the population, and between China and the Soviet Union/Russia on the other, with more complex relations to the highly autonomous North. The first demand would be conflict autonomy. The crime of dividing a people in 1945 is despicable, and the crime is perpetuated by denying them autonomy. Japan has the complex relation of a highly illegitimate colonizer, and the United States has the trauma of the first war they did not win since 1812. Respect for the Koreans would help, but is unlikely.

In 1972, at a conference in Kyoto, I had an opportunity to have a dialogue with both parties and put forward proposals about confederation that would unite the people, yet keep the states and the systems distinct to the extent they wanted. Guarantees to prevent either of them from subverting the other should not be that problematic. However, what became evident was that South Korean elites were uninterested in unification. What they wanted was the collapse of the regime in the North. The United States wanted the same to compensate for the victory that had eluded them in 1950-53.

Both parties claimed the confederation idea as their own (partly true), so the function of the outsider was to confirm them in their search and try to make their actually quite high level of agreement transparent. My guess is that they would have had the confederation now if they were permitted to decide alone. One day they will, hopefully not after one more war.

JAPAN-UNITED STATES, 1986-

D: Rank incongruence, Japan top economically, United States politically

P: Second opening-imitation-conflict-war cycle, tension, war

T: Less trade, end to AMPO,¹² recoupling with equity, equality

My problem here has been lack of access to mainstream media, not lack of access to elites in general; both U. S. and Japanese elites are generally elusive, except for some economic organizations. The situation is actually quite serious if the first cycle from early Meiji till the Pacific War serves as a model: first "opening up," then "enthusiastic learning by the Japanese," then "Japan practicing what she has learned by and for herself, with increasing tension," and then "war or warlike activity." The first phase of the second cycle was during the post-1945 Occupation, the second phase right after, and the third phase started around 1970 and is still ongoing. Exacerbating the situation is the rank incongruence: the United States commands more political and military power and Japan more economic power (to sell products in high demand when the yen is not too strong, to buy property when the yen is strong). Both use their comparative advantage, at the expense of the other, thus increasing the tension.

The point I would tend to make is for the two giants to interact less, to disentangle. The United States should pull out militarily, AMPO should be abrogated, and both should focus on other trade partners. Japan should learn to press less for trade across great differences in degree of processing and to open to import sophisticated products from other countries. The United

States should learn to develop equally good products; Japan should look for other markets for its products. And when they interact, externalities should be watched carefully to avoid patterns of Japan treating the United States like the United States is treating Latin America, with known results.

HAWAII AND THE PACIFIC, 1989--

D: Settler/migrant worker colonialism, deculturation/desociation

P: Protraction of indigenous as second-class citizens, violence

T: Bicameral legislature in an independent Hawaii

Having known Hawai'i since 1969, as a visiting professor and through a more extended commitment as professor of peace studies at the University of Hawai'i at Manoa each spring term from 1988 to 1995, opportunities for peace work have been numerous.

Again the same basic problem: settler colonialism, with the overthrow of the Hawaiian monarchy in 1893, the annexation as a territory in 1898, and the statehood in 1959—all acts brought about from powers above at the expense of the Hawaiian people. Had the Hawaiians been 80 or 90 percent of the population, Hawai'i today would have been decolonized. But due to deculturation, land-grabbing, and disease ("acts of God," to some missionaries), the indigenous population is at most 20 percent. The white settlers are approximately 25 percent. Most of the rest of the inhabitants are East-Asian Hawaiians, brought over as indentured labor, themselves exploited. Apologies, restitution of some land, and reparations to Native Hawaiians are not sufficient. Sovereignty implies control over the whole archipelago. And that raises the problem: what happens to the others, the majority?

One possible solution for an independent Hawai'i might be a bicameral legislature, one ordinary chamber for all citizens regardless of background, and one for Hawaiians only with a veto in basic matters of control of time and space, the dyad of trauma and glory, the allocation of land, the control of residence,

of foreign relations, of language (two administrative languages), and police and court systems for the Hawaiians administered by themselves. All of this to be achieved by nonviolence and a long, complex educational process led by the movements.

THE GULF WAR, 1990-91

D: Reductionism to (2,1), God vs. Satan, Armageddon; CMT¹³

P: Massive genocide, also through economic sanctions

T: Historical/cultural complexification, negotiations, CSCMEast

Much ignorance was needed to be the slightest surprised by the Gulf War: Kuwait was an outcome of Western political and economic colonialism; the border was artificial and contested; and many other issues and actors were coupled together in this super-complex conflict. It was equally obvious that the Bush administration would hit hard and use the war to "kick the Vietnam syndrome," making war legitimate again in U. S. public opinion. But in the heat of the conflict all parties tried to reduce that complexity to a simple formula where they could act out their sense of being chosen peoples, their myths, their traumas-in the Middle East a heavy load. Key memory: the Crusades.¹⁴

I was invited to address the largest and most efficient of the peace organizations, the International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War (IPPNW),¹⁵ and recommended repetition of the Helsinki process for the Middle East, a Conference for Security and Cooperation in the Middle East (CSCMEast). This format can give voice to all actors, at least all state actors, and permit all issues to be articulated. Only by increasing the complexity again could viable formulas be found (a number were suggested in meetings and media) to avoid war.

The IPPNW, which had excellent contacts in the region, promoted such approaches. However, it quickly became evident that the United States wanted the war, brushed aside all negotiation attempts, and went ahead. Peace workers, including myself, had insufficient access to U. S. elites who were protected by biased U. S. media. We could not work with them. And a

Helsinki type process remains overdue.

KURDISTAN, 1990-

D: Imposition of five states separation on one nation

P: Protracted, endless violence, terrorism and torture

T: Human rights, autonomy, confederation; through nonviolence

The Kurdish issue plays a central role in the Middle East syndrome. I have been working very much with Kurdish parties, also as mediator between Kurdish factions in bitter conflict with each other (the Rambouillet conference center was put at our disposal for mediation efforts July 1994 by the French presidency).

It is easy to identify with the three stages program of the Kurds: (1) human rights for Kurds in the countries that split the Kurdish nation, (2) autonomy within those countries, and (3) in the future, a possible Kurdistan, which would give the Kurdish nation what many other nations have, a state. This program would change the map of the Middle East considerably.

I have tried to argue nonviolence as the approach in a very macho culture, building on the fact that those who pulled together the Kurdish factions were women demonstrating and arguing nonviolently. One day the factions will probably get together for good; in the meantime the Kurds will probably continue being the victims of their own violence, however heroic. But the violence is deeply rooted and is nourished by demands for revenge; for them a matter of honor.

I have argued for creative solutions, for instance, dual citizenship, a parliament for the entire Kurdish nation located abroad, based upon secret ballots cast inside the countries. One basic problem is that Kurds tend to prefer political games and have been used by those who pretend to offer them something in return, like the Turks (in return for killing Armenians) and the United States (in return for turning against Iran and Iraq).

YUGOSLAVIA, 1991-

- D: Conflict reduction to (2,1), God vs. Satan, Armageddon;
CMT
- P: Massive genocide, also through sanctions, major escalation
- T: Historical/ cultural complexity, conflict autonomy/
CSCSEurope

Again, massive ignorance of European history was needed to be at all surprised. A small Yugoslav elite had emerged for whom the Yugoslavia of nonalignment, was highly meaningful. When the Cold War died, so did the *raison d'etre* of Yugoslavia and history came back with a vengeance. So did outside powers, which had been denied the political and economic access to which they had been accustomed. They created an impossible situation through their mistaken and premature recognition of Croatia and Bosnia-Herzegovina with borders that made the Serbian diaspora prisoners. The conflict can never be understood by focusing solely on where it is acted out.

The tradition is extremely violent and macho, but it applies only to a small part of the total population. The civil society has been able to limit the conflict and to proceed with care across national borders. But this society is not in command. "The world" has chosen to play on the warlords on all sides, and the media have given no attention to the countless, daily peace efforts and to the ideas emerging from common people. To make these efforts more visible has proved elusive. The same applies to the obvious process: a Conference for Security and Cooperation in Southeast Europe, with all parties, and all issues.

Just as in the Middle East such conferences have to learn to include history. To solve the conflicts of the past may be as important as solving present conflicts. "What could we have done" should produce answers that might give people a feeling of being on top of history, not vice versa. That feeling can spill over into the future, such as in the search for new confederations.

SRI LANKA, 1993-

D: Imposition of a unitary state on a multinational people

P: Protraction, with institutionalization of violence

T: Nonterritorial federalism, separate legislative autonomies

A minority can impose its unitary state, as in the case of Hawai'i. So can, indeed, a majority combining democratic and what they regard as historical rights. The result has been a catastrophe for the Singhalese, Tamils, and Muslims in Sri Lanka.

The formula I have been discussing with leaders of these three major groups is referred to here as "nonterritorial federalism." Imagine three nations living around each other, with a very high level of mix. They start fighting. The classical idea is secession, or at least drawing a line somewhere, separating the groups. But the problem with such lines is that they may serve as an invitation to engage in ethnic cleansing. Hence, something more creative might be needed.

One proposal would be to have a parliament for each nation and autonomy in everything specific for the nation: religion and language, trauma and glory, the *kairos* of space and time, police and courts, some aspects of the economy. These also would be a super-parliament for infrastructure, foreign affairs, general security, and finance. This structure may sound complex, but that complication is a small price to pay to avoid bitter, protracted warfare with costs not only in dead and wounded and material damage, but also in often irreparable psychological damage in terms of individual and family traumas, traumas to the nations and the country as a whole, and, in general, a population less capable of handling the next conflict. And nobody has to move: like Democrats and Republicans voting in United States primaries, what is needed is to register and participate. Actively, creatively, and-nonviolently.

GUATEMALA-MEXICO, 1994-

D: Conquest of America 1492, marginalization, liberation fight

P: Endless revolution-repression cycles

T: Human rights-autonomy-independence, across borders

To the uninformed the Zapatista uprising in Chiapas in January 1994 came as a surprise. Do such people never read history? How can they imagine that the dreams of the Mayan people could ever be totally suppressed, be they in southern Mexico or in northern Guatemala, despite the centuries that have passed since their own decline and the Spanish *conquista*? The Spanish themselves fought the Muslim *khalifat* of Cordoba eight hundred years ago; why do they not attribute similar feelings and dreams to the people they suppressed so brutally?

What is happening is one more instance of what can be called "Columbus in reverse." There have been countless uprisings these past five hundred years A.C. (Anno Columbi). Could there be some hope that world consciousness has evolved to a point where such problems are not seen merely in terms of land reform, health services, and elementary schools, however important they may be?

What I have tried to do (for example, on Mexican television) is to give voice to such concerns, without any mandate. The future will probably bear out the similarities with the Kurds: human rights, then autonomy, then, possibly, independence; a Mayan nation across the border. And again the same: the tragedy, however heroic, of using violence when nonviolence, actively carried out, might give some results almost immediately.

There is also the question of creativity. The Mayas are entitled to their state. But there could be transition periods with dual citizenship and a joint authority, UN-Mexico-Guatemala. One thing is certain: the issue will not disappear.

SOME REFLECTIONS

These experiences are organized chronologically in terms of when I became seriously involved as a conflict worker; consequently, the earlier experiences make better reading, sounding more like "success" or a clear "failure" (Zimbabwe) for that matter.

This does not worry me in the slightest, as can be seen from the reflections after the presentation of the Cold War case. Seeds take time to sprout and bear fruit. Moreover, the role of one person, working alone or with others, is minimal. My approach has obviously been to have ideas emerge in dialogue with one or more parties, and then wait for time, not forgetting to water those seeds in the meantime. As so many have said, there is *nothing as practical as a good theory and nothing more powerful than an idea whose time has come*. But, for that to happen, somebody has to put an idea forward when it is still "too early," when "time is not ripe," and go through the traditional stages of silence and marginalization, ridicule, sometimes quite vicious attacks, only to have the idea carried out by others in elite positions who had "always been of that opinion." All these are small prices to be paid for the privilege of being positioned to do something that may nevertheless, one day, be peace-productive, both in the sense of nonviolence and of creative conflict transformation. So I'll continue sowing such seeds.

The experiences have confirmed my faith in the double approach of nonviolence and creativity. They presuppose each other, hand in hand, as they did for Gandhi with his emphasis on the positive, constructive, and creative. In that way the unity of means and ends, Gandhi, not Machiavelli, can emerge.

During these years some reflections on the human capacities needed for such work came as a part of the process. Here is a list, not saying that I myself have been able to live up to it:

Knowledge. Of course much is needed. The knowledge

has to include the specificities of the concrete case, which is often relatively easy, the conflict parties being more than willing to teach their story. When you add up those stories, and after checking with outsiders, chances are you may know a lot.

But there is also the more general knowledge, such as general conflict and peace theory. This lack of general knowledge contributed to what went wrong after the end of the Cold War. Both mainstream and countertrend had focused on one particular conflict for forty years, which not only made them very naive about the peace to be ushered in once that conflict seemed to have evaporated, but also blocked more general conflict insight into more complex conflicts.

Knowledge of other cases can be used as bridges between the specific and the general: "This particular conflict reminds me of - where they tried -." But good theory is indispensable. The conflict worker has to be a storehouse of both knowledges.

Imagination. This is needed for creativity, and it goes beyond knowledge of cases into the artistic, the intuitive.

Compassion. This is where the nonviolence is anchored. There must be some deep compassion for human beings, for our fragility, even for our violence. Moralism brings us nowhere.

Perseverance. Keep going! Modify proposals in light of new evidence and ideas. But don't give up, that is cheap. And don't expect rewards of any kind. Peace, like virtue, is its own reward. Don't seek publicity. See, hear, listen, act.

The question I always get, particularly in the United States, is "Has all of this made you an optimist or a pessimist?" Or "Are you an idealist or a realist?" Or "Will there ever be peace?" I could of course say, look, the questions are wrong. Try to substitute "health" for "peace" and you will see that there will never be health all over. But the task is to relieve unnecessary disease and suffering. And for that task a certain mental, even spiritual, doubleness is indispensable: the optimism/ idealism of the heart, combined with the pessimism/ realism of the brain.

There is no contradiction. You know there will be new diseases in the life of the individual patient and for humanity; that does not mean you withdraw from the scene. There will be new conflicts. And yet you know it is meaningful to add to the theory and practice of how to deal nonviolently and creatively with conflict. Like physicians, you would feel, very strongly, that more people should know more, much more, about conflict and violence, disease and suffering, in order to reduce suffering.

This process is gigantic. Any one of us is but a little drop in the stream. We can choose to be on the side of life enhancement through conflict transformation. We will make mistakes; a major mistake being to do nothing. Another is to proceed with a violence that then becomes addictive, with the vanquished addicted to revenge and the victors to more victories. Any one of us can try to become better qualified in this endeavor. There is no reason why this endeavor should not also include the military despite their past addiction to violence. They would have to learn more, and would also have major things to teach: logistics, discipline, dedication, and sacrifice.

As in a marriage that has turned into producing more animosity and negative behavior than love and constructive behavior, the goal is not always to keep the parties together, not even to "bring them to the table." Such "tablomania" is usually most prevalent among those who have reserved for themselves a place at the head of that table in order to manage other people's conflicts rather than to try to empower them to manage their conflicts themselves. A much more realistic goal is a conflict process that embodies nonviolence and creativity; for instance, permitting the parties to be nonviolent by being apart and realizing their own creativity. Maybe later some relinking would be possible? A "confederation," at least?

The reader will have found reference to confederation quite often. The beauty of the confederation is its flexibility: there is both autonomy, even independence, and tight cooperation. The parties can increase and decrease the cooperation volume, at

each time take on as much cooperation as they can digest. As the agenda is broad and rolling, chances are that they can solve problems on the way, having enough bargaining material for new deals all the time. Should it turn sour, then there is always an exit clause. And a re-entry clause. There is not the rigidity of the federation, as witnessed by the American Civil War to preserve the Union. Nor is the confederation tight enough, with the joint policies in the fields of foreign affairs, security, and finance typical of the federation, to become a major world actor, even superpower. There is one major weakness: confederations tend either to break up or to become federations. But consciousness of this might serve to prevent such outcomes.

In retrospect, where do I stand on the elite-researcher-people issue? At the same place. Very often have I been asked whether it would not have been better to work "on the inside," not necessarily of a government, but of major intergovernmental organizations. No. The world needs very many independent voices from the outside, that can be trusted for their integrity, for not being cloaks for the interests of major states.

Much more promising is work with major peace organizations, a key factor at the end of the Cold War, and to continue strengthening the voice of independent peace research. There is a problem, however: so far peace research has found its abode mainly in universities and research institutes, and that should certainly still be an important locus. But the university at best teaches knowledge, and the mainstream usually teaches useless knowledge for these purposes. Where is imagination? Compassion? Perseverance? The objection may be that they are meant more for peace workers than for peace researchers, which is true. The problem for the future is whether some other place must be found for the training of peace workers, and that peace research is only one, among many, roads to travel.

In conclusion, a key observation: *the principle of reversibility*. All politics is marred by mistakes; that is also true for peace politics. Hence, act in such a way that your action can

be undone. Argue only those policies that can be reversed. Peace politics is soft politics; hence, do not engrave it in stone. Violence is irreversible; that should not serve as a model. Nonviolence is always reversible, substituting for one act of nonviolence another, in a great chain of non-violence.

ENDNOTES

1. In a 1974 meeting in Lund, Sweden, I gave some talks about China which I had visited the year before (a book was in the making, *Learning from the Chinese People*, with Fumiko Nishimura). I gave a talk for the local Maoist group in the evening and the next day for a Swedish transnational corporation that was celebrating an anniversary. Some of the Maoist students also attended the corporation meeting, and they told me why: to check whether I talked the same way to "them" as to "us." They certified my consistency. The report for the Council of Europe was published as *Co-operation in Europe*, ed. Johan Galtung and Sverre Lodgaard (Oslo: Norwegian University Press, 1970).

2. Based on such experiences, some of us are now building an organization, called TRANSCEND, for creative conflict transformation, with "Peace By Peaceful Means" as a motto.

3. Although a major party in the Cold War was the peace movement (and-indeed-the dissident movement). At Greenham Common an important part of the peace movement had dialogue with itself. But peace work implies dialogue with others, as the peace workers entering, softly, as outside parties to the conflict. For an analysis of the process that ended with the disappearance of the Cold War, see Johan Galtung, "Eastern Europe, Fall 1989-What Happened and Why?" in *Research in Social Movements, Conflicts and Change*, vol. 14, edited by Louis Kriesberg (Greenwich, Conn.: JAI Press, 1992), 75-97.

4. Johan Galtung, "The Shape of Things to Be," in *Journeys Through World Politics, Autobiographic Reflections of 34 Academic Travelers*, ed. James N. Rosenau and Joseph Kruzel (Lexington, Mass.: Lexington Publishers, 1989), 165-178.

5. (2,1): two parties, one issue; as opposed to a more realistic image, (m,n): m parties, n issues.

6. Conference for Security and Cooperation in Europe.

7. Gradual Reciprocated Initiatives in Tension-reduction, suggested by Charles Osgood, in *An Alternative to War and Surrender* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1967); possibly the most important idea from U. S. peace studies during the Cold War.

8. For some details, see my *Nach dem Kalten Krieg, Gespräch mit Ervin Koller* (Zurich: Pendo-Verlag, 1993).

9. One attentive observer of my activities was the Swiss secret police, and in their report about me, my work for "something called" the CSCE in the early 1970s was a major point. In retrospect this seems ridiculous, but not at that time to extremists and their spies on the right like the Swiss police.

10. Of course, by that time many people had such ideas, and ultimately the CSCE was transformed into the Organization for Security and Cooperation in Europe, OSCE. However, by that time the elites of the Western European countries were deeply immersed in their favorite project, the European Union, gradually taking on the shape of a superpower.

11. See Johan Galtung, *Nonviolence and Israel/Palestine* (Honolulu: University of Hawai'i Press/Matsunaga Institute for Peace, 1989).

12. The United States/Japan Security Treaty.

13. The Chosen People-Myths-Trauma syndrome held, in one way or another, for example, by Serbs, Croats, and Muslims in ex-Yugoslavia.

14. The Christian declaration of war on Muslims was made in a speech by Pope Urban II, in Clermont, France, on November 27, 1095; by far the most important anniversary in 1995.

15. Early October 1990 in Beethovenhalle in Bonn, with thousands present.

AFTERWORD

NONVIOLENCE, LIFE-WRITING, VERIFICATION, VALIDATION, AND MORTALITY

George Simson

In many ways these essays need no commentary, and no attempt to comment can fully honor these writers. These courageous men and women who write of their lives wrestling with nonviolence can stand alone. Nevertheless, sometimes it is useful for noble efforts to be understood in different terms.

I propose here a triad of ideas that are shared widely enough throughout the thinking community to augment the remarkable efforts of these writers and to give some detachment so that the ethical commitment is even more remarkable. I submit that because these are autobiographical sketches they integrate mortality, verification, and validation better than any other kind of discourse. Violence and nonviolence in our Manichee workaday world particularly highlight our mortal journey because nothing defines and gives such finality to the journey.

The twentieth century began with an obsession for verification: the overwhelming question was, Is it true? Much of the technology and culture of the preceding century was devoted to the problem of making ordinary culture represent reality. The result was photography for the eye, phonography for the ear, and the various forms of life-writing for the sense of mortality, one of which, the memoir, is represented here. The twentieth century is ending with an obsession for validation: the overwhelming

question is, Is it correct according to some kind of inference? Sometimes our current concern for correctness is excessive.

The eternal meeting point of validation and verification is life-writing. The verification is that the person lived; the rest of life-writing is perforce a validation of that truth. This book shows the juncture of these two concerns in many different ways. For example, Ho'oipo DeCambra shows the connection in a commonsensical way, while Iraja Sivadas shows it happening in a special-sense way.

Let us speculate about what the earliest life-writing may have been. Thousands of years ago, people all over the world who were speaking the first life stories may have begun in celebration for new babies and may have grieved at a death with lamentation. All life-writing begins and ends in this alpha and this omega. It is possible that the auditors demanded that the storyteller get it right (validation) and get it true (verification). Now, thousands of years later, the people in this book of memoirs devoted to nonviolence, a profound commitment to a high ethic, want to get it right and get it true. They do not want to live lies and they do not want to lie to live. They want to live truth. There are many kinds of living truths here-spiritual, practical, political, rational, social, emotive-but all see the living lie of violence. It has not been easy.

At the beginning of this century, the concerned, the thinking, and the caring were trying to verify everything about human culture: deities, nature, society, and individual human beings. The machinery of verification coughed a few times, sputtered, and everyone thought verification was running like a steam locomotive from about 1905 (the date of Einstein's four papers) onward. They were right: it was running like a steam locomotive. Sometimes biographies and memoirs read like steam engines.

After three world wars-World War I, World War II, and the Wars of Belief and Disbelief between 1949 and 1989-the caring, thinking, and concerned people of the world in the last two

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decades of the century are turning their attention to validation. Some of the obsession with validation was bad (for example, being "PC," politically correct) and some of it was good (for example, understanding that an observer could not escape being a participant).

Validation is exercised through belief, reason, ritual, or the aleatory (chance) element.¹ When the twelve eagles flew over the rickety little village of Roma, was it luck, ritual, rational problem solving, or blind belief that made Roma last for twelve centuries? Assertions of self-belief in one validating form or another made it happen. And it did not hurt the public health of the city that the Romans could verify water flows downhill and therefore three million people could drink reasonably clean water brought in by aqueduct. Let us keep these homely examples in mind as we turn to these essays.

These essays are a subspecies of life-writing called memoir: a form of writing about oneself thematically limited both by design—such as a topic, thesis, or polemical aim—and by those frailties of memory and courage that we are all heir to. They exhibit the great strength of all life-writing in that they illustrate the heroism of individual minds discovering the hot juncture between verification and validation, between the awful truths of violence and the profound need to reexamine ideas that validate it.

The subject of these memoirs is mortality. They are not about whether Henry James ate three eggs for breakfast. They are about nonviolence. No one could oblige us more to rethink our attitudes toward violence and ahimsa than Glenn Paige, one of the great sustainers of faith in nonviolence.² In terms of our current concern for validation—for correctly contriving an inferential medium for believing in our knowing processes—an acknowledgment of the virus of violence and its allopathic remedy, nonviolence, is the premier necessary condition for understanding world peace. Others, such as Johan Galtung in the social sciences, Michael True in the humanities, and Gene Sharp in the realm of action, have shown the complex sufficiencies of

conditions for creating positive peace. In short, the topic of these memoirs is as important as our mortality.

The great bold premise in recent times conjoining verification, validation, and nonviolence is the "Seville Statement on Violence," promulgated by a group of natural and social scientists (but unfortunately no humanists) in 1986 and endorsed by the American Anthropological Association. It asserts five basic propositions:

IT IS SCIENTIFICALLY INCORRECT to say that we have inherited a tendency to make war from our animal ancestors ...

IT IS SCIENTIFICALLY INCORRECT to say that war or any other violent behavior is genetically programmed into our human nature ...

IT IS SCIENTIFICALLY INCORRECT to say that in the course of human evolution there has been a selection for aggressive behavior more than for other kinds of behavior ...

IT IS SCIENTIFICALLY INCORRECT to say that humans have a violent brain ...

IT IS SCIENTIFICALLY INCORRECT to say that war is caused by instinct or any single motivation ... The same species who invented war is capable of inventing peace.³

Here we see that the validating principle is the scientific proposition, "it is scientifically incorrect." One may object that the validation is only scientific validation, not religious or cultural, as is the case with most of the essays in this collection. But one can then object to the objection by arguing that if the most carefully disciplined of the validating routines, the "sciences," can be this bold, it is equally possible for the more imaginative routines of the spirit and heart to find a way for the last proposition quoted here: that we can learn to be violent or nonviolent. As violence has failed, we should try nonviolence.

Lou Ann Ha'aheo Guanson selects the life-material of her memoir of nonviolence by cherishing the truth of an ancient

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pantheism in a creation immanent with love and validates her truth by a journey through devastation to love. Ho'oipo DeCambra selects the truth of her memoir in the grass-roots experience of organizing in the neighborhood and validates it with strong and clear recollections from her experiences at eye level. Anna McAnany selects the truth of her memoir in the rich experience of organized Catholic Church ethics and validates her life course by constantly challenging the tradition when it does not live up to its own principles. Jim Albertini similarly selects the truth of his memoir in challenging the bully armed repressors and validates his ethical truth through a comparison of symbols: which is the validating symbol, the parallel railroad tracks representing good lives and bad not meeting, or the cross, where the bad is confronted by the good. Robert Aitken, with utmost lucidity and a modesty that gives no hint of his eminence, shows the truth in the slow evolution of his own thinking from violence to nonviolence and its validation in the Zen tradition. The reality of Howard Johnson's experience growing up in a violent neighborhood is first validated then made much more complex through continuing debate with colleagues and relatives during the years of the latest great revolution in America. Irajia Sivadas takes us from the tortured truth of a child's revulsion at the result of violence, through the validation by opposites in the Vietnam War, through the bigotry of the VFW, to the long journey that becomes a quest for nirvana. Johan Galtung selects thirteen major conflicts in which he was involved; premises a validating role for nonviolence by distinguishing between conflict the Destroyer and conflict the Creator; then applies various nonviolent solutions to these conflicts by using the healing analytical process of the physician: diagnosis, prognosis, therapy.

In terms of life-writing, these tales have a common theme: mortality. The implied reality in all talk about violence is that life is perceived as mortality: a finitude even when renewable. This, too, is the great biodigm, critical premise, in the study of biography: "The critical understanding of biography begins in

mortality."⁴ Temporality counts. It is violated by violence. The Buddhists may extend natural life and the Christians and Hindus may transcend it, but all, whether Buddhist, Hindu, Christian, or Atheist, make nonviolence meaningful because the life of an individual is as primitive as our first exercise in validity: All humans are mortal; Socrates is a human; therefore Socrates is mortal.

Violence hastens the fragility of life. The experiential truths in biography are greatly curtailed by violence. When life expectancy averaged twenty-some years in the Dark Ages, mortality was always with us, late and soon. Now that life expectancy averages around seventy years, mortality is often forgotten in the press of achievement, but it is still inevitable. The issue is how well the mortal life is lived and whether it is curtailed by violence.

Violence is the junk bonds of our small capital in life called mortality. The violent are the Ivan Boeskys and Michael Milkins of mortal validity and mortal truth. The rewards are great for the few, the wealth is spectral and short-lived, and the illegitimacy engendered ultimately destroys faith in human transactions.

Thus, nonviolence is discovered for what the saints and sages of history and present seekers have long asserted it to be: the necessary condition for peace.

ENDNOTES

1. See Jerome Manis, "The Aleatory Element in Biography," *Biography: An Interdisciplinary Quarterly* 15:4 (Fall 1992): 390-399.

2. See Glenn D. Paige, *To Nonviolent Political Science: From Seasons of Violence* (Honolulu: Center for Global Nonviolence Planning Project, Matsunaga Institute for Peace, University of Hawai'i, 1993).

3. Reprinted in *Biography* 12:1 (Winter 1989): 24.

4. See George Simson, "Histories of Asian Biography," in *Biography and Source Studies*, vol. 1, ed. Frederick Karl (New York: AMS Press, 1994).

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Crozier, Brig. Gen. Frank P. *The Men I Killed*. New York: Doubleday, 1938. Journey to nonviolence of one of Britain's highly decorated World War I combat infantry officers. "A lifetime of professional soldiering has brought me, by painful ways, to the realization that all war is wrong, is senseless" (p. 10). "War is murder, whether it is euphemistically termed 'collective security,' 'defense,' or 'inter-national policing'" (p. 170).

Dear, John. *Our God Is Nonviolent: Witnesses in the Struggle for Peace and Justice*. New York: Pilgrim Press, 1990. Essays on Jesus, Gandhi, Martin Luther King, Jr., Dorothy Day, Ita Ford, Maura Clarke, Dorothy Kazel, Jean Donovan, Thomas Merton, James Douglass, Daniel Berrigan, and on Dear's own experiences.

Everett, Melissa. *Breaking Ranks*. Philadelphia: New Society Publishers, 1989. Essays on ten men who left their violence-supporting jobs (military, intelligence, scientific, industrial) to work for peace: Jerry Genesio, Charlie Liteky, Ralph McGehee, David MacMichael, John Graham, Thomas Grissom, Bill Perry, Lou Raymond, David Parnas, and Daniel Cobos.

Gandhi, Mohandas K. *An Autobiography: The Story of My Experiments with Truth*. Boston: Beacon Press, 1957. Written between 1925 and 1929, this book covers the first sixty years of Gandhi's life (1869-1948). Gandhi shares his journey from India to England, to South Africa, and return in which he clarifies his faith in nonviolence (God, Truth, and Love) and tests it in struggle and service. Among sources of inspiration and support are his mother, wife, the Sermon on the Mount, the Baghavad Gita, John Ruskin's *Unto This Last*, and Tolstoy. According to Gandhi, "Tolstoy's *The Kingdom of God Is Within You* overwhelmed me" (p. 114).

Ingraham, Catherine. *In the Footsteps of Gandhi*. Berkeley: Parallax Press, 1990. Interviews with twelve persons of varied faiths who seek to express nonviolent principles in their own lives and social actions: the Dalai Lama, Desmond Tutu, Joan Baez, Thich Nhat Hanh, Ram Dass, Cesar Chavez, Gary Snyder, Joanna Macy, David Steindl-Rast, Diane Nash, Mubarak Awad, and A.T. Ariyaratne.

Readings on Other Journeys

Josephson, Harold, ed. *Biographical Dictionary of Modern Peace Leaders*. Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press, 1985. Expert profiles of the thought, works, and activities of 701 peace leaders in forty-one countries who lived between 1800 and 1980. Each sketch is accompanied by a bibliography of works by the subject, major works written about them, and the location of personal manuscript collections. The book also contains a chronology of the world peace movement (mainly Euro-American) from 1815 to 1983.

King, Martin Luther, Jr. "Pilgrimage to Nonviolence." In *Testament of Hope: The Essential Writings of Martin Luther King, Jr.*, edited by James M. Washington, 35-40. New York: HarperCollins, 1968. King describes his intellectual journey from Christian fundamentalism, through theological liberalism and the social gospel, to Gandhian *satyagraha* (truth force or love force). This account parallels his journeys to Montgomery in 1954, to India in 1959, and to experience of the "cosmic companionship" of a "personal God" in civil rights struggles and everyday life.

Lili'uokalani. *Hawai'i's Story by Hawai'i's Queen*. Introduction by Glen Grant. Honolulu: Mutual Publishing, 1990. An autobiographical account by Hawaii's last queen who explains the forceful overthrow of the Kingdom of Hawai'i in 1893 and the subsequent annexation by the United States in 1898. It provides essential background for understanding the context of present aspirations and efforts to realize a just, nonviolent society in Hawai'i and to recover Hawaiian sovereignty.

McAllister, Pam. *You Can't Kill the Spirit: Stories of Women and Nonviolent Action*. Philadelphia: New Society Publishers, 1988. Essays celebrating nonviolent action by women from 1300 B.C. to 1987, a list of activists and organizations, a summary of nonviolent actions in eight areas of the world, and a guide to bibliography. Among women celebrated are Lysistrata, Anne Hutchinson, Mary Dyer, Lucretia Mott, Sarah and Angela Grimké, Prudence Crandall, Harriet Tubman, Mary Shadd Cary, Susan B. Anthony, Sojourner Truth, Alice Paul, Fannie Lou Hamer, Rosa Parks, Jane Addams, Jeannette Rankin, Dorothy Day, Barbara Deming, and women of the Seneca Falls, New York, and the Greenham Common, England, peace camps. McAllister's research calls attention to many more throughout the world, among whom we would also include Petra K. Kelly.

Narayan, Jayaprakash. "From Socialism to Sarvodaya." In Ajit Bhattacharjee, *Jayaprakash Narayan*, 145-177. New Delhi: Vikas, 1978. A remarkable statement in political autobiography by one of India's great

Readings on Other Journeys

leaders on the occasion of his resignation from Socialist party politics in 1957. J.P., as he is known, reviews his journey from violent Marxian politics, through liberal democratic socialism, to Gandhian nonviolence as the best means for personal and structural transformation to achieve freedom, equality, and peace for all. "[I] find myself at a point of the journey where I must decide to part company and walk it alone" (p. 145).

Ramachandran, G. *Adventures with Life*. Trivandrum, India: S. B. Press, 1984. The great Gandhian educator and founder of Gandhigram Rural University, then eighty years old, recalls the early part of his life from his birth in 1904 to the first of many periods of imprisonment following the Salt Satyagraha. campaign of 1930. He tells of his journey from his native Trivandrum in Travancore (now Kerala) to study in Rabindranath Tagore's Shantiniketan (Abode of Peace), followed by withdrawal to join Gandhi's Satyagraha Ashram at Sabarmati, and subsequent service as a Hindu teaching at the Jamia Millia. Islamia (National Muslim University) before being summoned by Gandhi to engage in village constructive service for the nonviolent independence struggle. He recalls, "It was a privilege to be alive and to be young in this Gandhian era" (p. 142). Reflecting upon the influence of his two great mentors, he explains, "While Gandhiji represented the realities in the life of the people, Tagore stood as sentinel of the spirit of intellectual freedom. I made my way between these two great teachers.... Thus I built up for myself a fairly balanced life in which I became equally devoted to Truth and to Beauty, as the two sides of the same great coin of life" (p. 144).

Shepard, Mark. *Gandhi Today: A Report on Mahatma Gandhi's Successors*. Arcadia, Calif.: Simple Productions, 1987. Essays on individuals and groups, mainly in India, engaged in nonviolent actions: J. P. Narayan, Narayan Desai, Chandni Prasad, Gaura Devi and the Chipko (Hug the Trees) Movement, Harivallabh Parikh and the tribal People's Court, Radhakrishna Menon and the New Dawn Gift-Village, Prem Bhai, Ragini Prem, Rama Shanker Bhai, and the combined agricultural-industrial, Agrindus Village development program.

Tolstoy, Leo. "A Confession." In *A Confession, The Gospel in Brief, and What I Believe*, translated by Aylmer Maude, 1-84. London: Oxford University Press, 1961. Tolstoy's journey from Russian Orthodox Christianity that blessed war, executions, state violence, and socio-economic-cultural oppression-through a suicidal crisis of the meaning of life-to a Christ-centered nonviolent faith. "I took note of all that was done by men who profess Christianity, and I was horrified" (p. 79).

Readings on Other Journeys

True, Michael. *Justice Seekers, Peace Makers: 32 Portraits in Courage*. Mystic, Conn.: Twenty-Third Publications, 1985. Portraits of persons who have made contributions to the American tradition of nonviolence by a humanities scholar and professor of English at Assumption College, who is the preeminent scholar on nonviolence in the American literary heritage. Those included are John Leary, Elizabeth McAllister and Philip Berrigan, Cathy Knight, Martin Luther King, Jr., Howard Zinn, Daniel Berrigan, Frances Crowe, Gordon Zahn, Annabel Wolfson, Muriel Rukeyser, Mulford Sibley, Paul Goodman, Hannah Arendt, Stanley Kunitz, George Orwell, Meridel LeSueur, Dorothy Day, Ammon Hennacy, Wilfred Owen, Elisabeth Gurley Flynn, Randolph Bourne, Bertrand Russell, Mohandas Gandhi, Eugene Victor Debs, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Lucy Stone, Abigail Kelley and Stephen Symonds Foster, John Henry Newman, and Thomas Paine.

_____. *To Construct Peace: Thirty More Justice Seekers, Peace Makers*. Mystic, Conn.: Twenty-Third Publications, 1992. A transnationally widening collection that includes Young Catholic Workers, Stephen Biko, Chinese Students, Joan Baez, the Sanctuary Movement, Penny Lernoux, Greenham Common Women, Maura Clarke, Atlantic and Pacific Life Communities and Plowshares, Noam Chomsky, Dolores Huerta, Michael Harrington, Denise Levertov, Raymond Hunthausen, Elise and Kenneth Boulding, Oscar Romero, Thomas Merton, David Dellinger, William Stafford, Rosa Parks, Heider Camara, Franz Jagerstatter, Lu Xun, Emma Goldman, Jane Addams, Henry David Thoreau, Adin Ballou, Society of Friends (Quakers), Mennonites, Church of the Brethren, and Chief Seattle.

Wilcock, Evelyn. *Pacifism and the Jews*. Landsdown, England: Hawthorne Press, 1994. Nine chapters by a historian and sociologist centered upon contributors to pacifism in the Jewish tradition from World War I through the Holocaust to contemporary Israel-including John Harris, Judah Magnes, Hans Kohn, Enzo Sereni, Aaron Samuel Tamaret, Joel Teitelbaum, Abraham Cronback, Isidor Hoffman, Albert Axelrad, Abraham Heschel, Steven S. Schwarzchild, Nathan Hofshi, and Joseph Abileah.

CONTRIBUTORS

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James V. Albertini was born in Mt. Carmel, Pennsylvania on December 6, 1946. A student of Catholic education for seventeen years, he graduated from Villanova University and came to Hawai'i in 1970. He was a Vietnam War resister, teacher, and coordinator of catholic Action of Hawaii/Peace Education Project as well as the coauthor of *The Dark Side of Paradise*. For nonviolent resistance to war and injustice, he has been imprisoned for more than twenty months. Since 1981, he has been a founding member and president of the Center for Nonviolent Education & Action and its Malu 'Aina farm in Kurtistown on the island of Hawai'i. His principal activities include growing organic fruits and vegetables to share with people in need, supporting justice and peace efforts, continued resistance to U.S. and global militarism, involvement in the Big Island Rainforest Action Group, and support for Native Hawaiian land occupations and Hawaiian sovereignty. He enjoys playing the guitar and singing songs of justice, peace, and solidarity.

Ho'oipo DeCambra is cofounder of the Wai'anae Women's Support Group and chairperson of Waianae Time Out Nurseries. She collectively published *A Time for Sharing* (1982), an anthology of women's stories from the Wai'anae Coast, and *He Alo A He Alo*:

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Johan Galtung was born in Norway in 1930. He is currently professor of peace studies at the University of Hawaii, the University of Witten-Herdecke in Germany, and the European Peace University in Austria. Dr. Galtung founded the International Peace Research Institute in Oslo in 1959 and is also founder of the *Journal of Peace Research* (1964). He is author of *Essays in Peace Research* (vols. I-VI) and *Theories and Methods of Social Research* (vols. I-IV). His recent publications include *The Way Is the Goal: Gandhi Today*; *Global Glasnost*, with Rick Vincent; *JA: til Norge, Norden, hele Europa, hele Verden*, with Dag Poleszynski and Olav Benestad; *Buddhism: A Quest for Unity and Peace*; *Eurotopia: Die Zukunft eines Kontinents*; *Nach dem Kalten Krieg*; *Jesus oder Barrabas*, with Erwin Koller; and *Human Rights in Another Key*. Dr. Galtung is holder of the Right Livelihood Award, 1987; the Norwegian Humanist Prize, 1988; the Socrates Prize for Adult Education, 1990; the Bajaj International Award for Promoting Gandhian Values, 1993; the Aloha International Peace Award, 1995; and nine honorary doctorates and professorships.

Lou Ann Ha'aeo Guanson was born in Tokyo, Japan, September 25,1951. Arriving in Hawai'i at the age of ten, her family background mirrored the multiracial and multicultural nature of the islands, being of Hawaiian, Japanese, Filipino, Chinese, Swedish, and Spanish backgrounds. She is a graduate of Lewis and Clark College in Oregon and the University of Southern California and holds a doctorate of education in creativity and leadership. A peacemaker, dancer, choreographer (modern and hula), filmmaker, educator, scholar, and activist, Dr. Guanson is active in theological education, the Hawaiian sovereignty movement, traditional

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Howard E. "Stretch" Johnson was born in Orange, New Jersey, on January 30, 1915. He was a dancer at the Cotton Club in 1934, a principal in "New Faces of 1936" with his sister, Winnie, and brother, Bobby, and the Duke Ellington Revue in 1937. He fought in World War II in Italy with the 92d Infantry (Buffalo Division) and was awarded the Purple Heart with Oak Leaf Cluster. He was a defense witness for the Communist party in the Smith Act trial of 1949. He has a B.S. in comparative literature, Columbia University, 1966 and an M.A. in sociology, New York University, 1977. He was an associate professor of sociology at State University College of New York at New Paltz, New York from 1971 to 1982 and received an honorary doctorate in humanities from Honolulu University of Arts, Sciences, and Humanities in 1990. He lectured in the ethnic studies department of the University of Hawai'i at Manoa from 1986 to 1989; founded and cochaired the Afro-American Leadership Conference, Hawaii, 1988; and served as vice chairman of the Martin Luther King, Jr., Commission, 1989-90. He is a member of the Board of Governors of the Veterans of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade, an honorary member of the Duke Ellington Society, and a life member of the Association for the Study of African-American Life and History, the Purple Heart Veterans, and the NAACP. He has three daughters, Wendy, Wini, and Lisa Johnson, and two grandchildren, Eve and Martin Boutillie. His domestic partner is Ann Anthony. Recently he served as a member of the Mayor's Coalition for a Drug-Free Galveston in Texas. Presently he is writing his autobiography in Galveston, Paris, and New York. He is included in *Who's Who in the World, 1993-1994*.

Contributors

Anna McAnany was born on July 10, 1908, in Philadelphia to Irish-Catholic parents. She has four brothers. In 1925 she graduated with honors from John Hallahan Catholic Girls High School. She trained and worked as a children's librarian in the Philadelphia library system and entered the missionary community of Maryknoll Sisters attracted by their global work with people in need. She was assigned to Hawai'i in 1928 and taught at Maryknoll School, St. Michael's Waialua, and St. Anthony's on the island of Maui. She went to St. Mary's, Notre Dame, and received a masters in theology in 1966. She then returned to Nanakuli and Wai'anae for education and justice and peace issues. She offered scripture classes for adults, formed a Women's Support Group, and, with five other adults, established a Peace Education Program in public schools on the Wai'anae Coast for primary and secondary schools. She has traveled to Japan, the Philippines, Yugoslavia, Nicaragua, and Guatemala in causes for peace and justice.

George Simson is founder and director of the Center for Biographical Research and the journal, *Biography: An Interdisciplinary Quarterly*, at the University of Hawai'i at Manoa. He has been a worker in practical peace politics since 1968.

Iraja Sivadas was born in California and was raised in Santa Cruz. He has had a number of occupations, ranging from working in management for a life insurance company to supervising the final quality assurance department for Intel's Santa Cruz test plant, before settling on college teaching. He is currently an assistant professor of mathematics at Kaua'i Community College. Iraja and his wife Nilani were drawn to Kaua'i because of its spiritual qualities and have lived in Hanapepe since 1987. They are disciples of Satguru Sivaya Subramuniyaswami. As a Hindu, Iraja's goal is to realize the Self God within. His hobbies are backpacking and observing the universe within the mind.

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